



HELPER & BAKER

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THE SHADOW™



SEVEN DEADLY FINNS • Part 4

P U B L I S H O R I A L

J E N E T T E • K A H N

"Comics," I'm saying, "are as close to movies and television as any medium can get. You tell stories in pictures and words and so do we. Plot, characterization, dialogue, all these are tools of our trade. It's true that we're missing music, but on the other hand we have an unlimited special effects budget. Why, we can destroy a planet in one panel and redraw it in the next."

I am in Hollywood trying to convince a studio executive to option one or more of our properties for a feature film. And what I'm doing at this moment is pitching, that is, trying to sell the concept, first by demonstrating that comics by their very nature lend themselves to movie-making, then by making the idea of a particular property seem especially exciting.

When I first started going to L.A. two and one-half years ago, doors were not so readily open to comic book publishers. But producer Peter Guber, who figures very significantly in our DC life, did me one of many favors. He introduced me to entertainment lawyer Ken Ziffren who knows every studio head in town. Ken, in turn, wrote each one of these studio heads asking them to meet with me. So suddenly I had entries into the most important offices in Hollywood. And I started pitching.

At that time, only Superman, Batman, and Swamp Thing were under option. In other words, one party or another had paid us money for the exclusive right for a certain period of time to try to make a movie of these characters. Three Superman movies had been made and a Swamp Thing feature as well. Batman had been in development for five years, which meant that any number of directors and writers were trying to come up with a script that the studio—Warner Bros.—thought was good enough to turn into a multi-million dollar movie.

I began making the rounds and soon we had many more pictures in development: Plastic Men, Blechhawk, Sgt. Rock, the Flesh, Watchmen. I sold (that is, sold the option to develop) Wonder Woman and Teen Titans to CBS Productions only to have that feature-making arm of CBS close down, a Hollywood good news/bad news joke.

But since I started a major change has taken place. Now a number of producers and young studio executives have become comic book fans. When we publish a *Dark Knight* or a *Watchmen*, my phone jumps off the hook with congratulatory calls coming in from Los Angeles.

Take the case of *Watchmen*. Two years ago I had dinner with Alan Moore in London. He'd not yet begun to write *Watchmen*, but he had worked out the entire concept with which he beguiled me and my then-husband. The story was riveting. "Alan," I said, "if you can write up a synopsis of this idea, I feel certain I can sell it as a movie."

Even before *Watchmen* 1 was printed, when I just had the photocopies of the black and white art, I began to send the first issue to Hollywood people I knew would be fans. The word of mouth started. I followed *Watchmen* 1 as soon as I could with the second issue. By the time issue 3 was out I had people clamoring to make *Watchmen* into a movie. And I hadn't yet begun to sell.

In the course of my Hollywood travels, I had become extremely good friends with a young executive at CBS namedileen Meisel. When CBS Productions folded, Ileen ended up at Tall-Batish where she continued to champion our properties. Ileen was one of the first people to understand the uniqueness and excitement of *Watchmen*. Always in hypodrive, she put her total commitment into trying to persuade Tall-Batish to make *Watchmen* into a movie.

Tall-Batish expressed interest but wasn't totally committed to the project. In order to help persuade her company, Ileen showed *Watchmen* to producer Joel Silver, hoping that Joel's enthusiasm would convince them. This made sense since Joel, at thirty-five, is a Hollywood madman with a hot reputation. He loves movies and has made some hugely successful ones, among them *48 Hours*, *Lethal Weapon*, and *Predator*.

Joel was on an airplane when he gave me a call. "Jenette," he pleaded and heranged, "you've got to give me *Watchmen*. Look, I know you don't know me, but I'm a terrific producer. I've made—actually gotten made—eight movies in three years. I love this property. I can see it. The comic's brilliant. Why the whole movie is practically storyboarded already."

And then he mentioned the sugar cubes. "I love the still this guy is doing! All the details, like the trail of the snigar, where Rorschach employs Dreberg's canister, then the wreppers are on the floor, then what's-her-name, Lannie, wants some snigar in her collue..."

I was impressed. It didn't mean much to me that Joel loved *Watchmen*. I figured that any person of testu in his or her right mind would be knocked out by the work. But he noticed and appreciated a small but telling series of details like the snigar cubes, that showed a keen understanding of the comics. Coupled with his insight on *Watchmen*, his own argument was the most persuasive one. He did get pictures made. I decided to let Joel be the producer of *Watchmen*.

Despite Ileen's enthusiasm, we ultimately pitched *Watchmen* to 20th-Century Fox where Joel had a long-term relationship. Scott Rudin, the head of production for Fox, loved the project. We were in business.

Now there was the question of the writer. My vote was for Sam Hamm. Sam is thirty-one and Southern. "One of the Virginia Hamm's," he cracks in a light ironic drawl. His wife's name is Nan. When you get their answering machine, the tape whirs out: "Hello, you've reached Sam and Nan Hamm." Sam says that Nan's married name is Bacon.

Sam is the brilliant writer of *Batman*, a movie about which I promise to tell you more in upcoming weeks. *Batman* is my favorite script of the moment. It has pacing and action and verve, brilliant characterization, hip dialogue, and a weird, dark tone. Sam manages to tell not one but three separate origin stories—the Batmen's, the Joker's, and Robin's—and still subordinate them to a larger, streamlined plot. And best of all, he's been true to the grim essence of the Batmen, giving us a movie dramatically opposed to the Sixties TV show, a film noir.

I began to send Sam issues of *Watchmen* before it was published which, as a major comic book fan himself, he devoured eagerly. Joel read Sam's *Batman* and agreed he'd do a great job on *Watchmen*. The problem was to convince Sam that he should write the *Watchmen* movie and at the same time convince 20th Century Fox that there was no better writer for the project than Sam. It took us months to get to that point, because Sam was besieged with other offers, and because Fox had to arrive at mutually satisfactory financial terms with Sam's agent Dave Warden.

But now Sam's writing, after Joel and I went to England to see Alan and Dave and after Sam spent some time with Alan in May. Sam loves *Watchmen* more (if it's possible) than Joel. It was incredibly hard to get him to agree to do the project. He was, if anything, too much in awe of what Alan and Dave had done. What convinced him to do it, reports Sam, "is that if I didn't say 'yes,' someone else would screw it up worse than I would."

Pretty soon, we will be watching *Watchmen*.

Jenette

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER, DC COMICS

DC LIST

THIS WEEK

WRATH OF THE SPECTRE 2 (of 4)

Three more Michael Fleisher—Jim Aparo classics are represented with an all-new wraparound cover. ▶▶▶

THE SHADOW 11

Madness in Manhattan as the Shadow confronts a black-out crime wave. ▶▶▶

THE WEIRD 3

The Weird versus Jason in an explosive battle as Jason's past is revealed. ●

FLASH GORDON 1 (of 9)

A nine-part series begins retelling the origins of the classic space hero by Dan Jurgens & Bruce Patterson. ▶■

SWAMP THING 73

Swamp Thing and John Constantine confront humanity's greatest fear. ▶▶▶

WHO'S WHO IN THE LEGION 2

The history and details about the 30th century's greatest heroes and villains continue. ●▶

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 441

Mr. Myzplik is back with new rules, and the mystery of Brainiac continues. ●

DOOM PATROL 9

Garguax is back with his plastic men—he wants world conquest, the Doom Patrol wants him gone. Added attraction: Bonus Book #3. ●

LEGEND

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- New Format
- Graphic Novel
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UPTOWN...

<WAIT, WAIT...
BROTHER, I AM
BEGINNING TO THINK
FATHER REGARDS US
AS LITTLE MORE
THAN
CHAUFFEURS...>

<ALWAYS, HE
LEAVES US BEHIND
TO WREAK HAVOC
ON HIS OWN... ALWAYS,
WE, HIS HEIRS, ARE
DEPRIVED OF HIS
INSTRUCTION IN
THE WAYS OF
DEATH...>

<WE ARE PALADINS--
NOT DRAY HORSES!
THIS IS BENEATH US!
FATHER
MUST BE TOLD!>

<YOU
TELL
HIM.>

<NO,
YOU.>

<AH, BROTHER, IT IS DURING
TIMES SUCH AS THESE THAT I
LONG FOR OUR HOME IN
SHAMBALA... THE LUSH,
VERDANT FIELDS... THE WARM,
AUGUST MOUNTAINTOPS...
THE BRILLIANT CRIMSON
SUNSETS...>

<DO NOT FORGET
THE INCREDIBLY
SOPHISTICATED
VIDEO GAMES...>

<AH, YES...
THEM, TOO.>

DARN!
MISTER MAGNET
TOLD ME TO STAY
TIGHT-- BUT
HE'S IN THERE
ALL ALONE--

--AGAINST
AN ARMY OF
ARTIMUS FINN'S
NASTIEST
GOONS!

--I
GOTTA
HELP
HIM!

WHAT IF
HE'S BEEN HURT?
WHAT IF HE'S GETTIN'
TORTURED?? THEY
COULD BE STICKIN'
NEEDLES UNDER
HIS FINGERNAILS
RIGHT NOW--

WOW, EVERYBODY'S
DEAD. IT'S GONNA
TAKE 'YEARS' TO
CLEAN UP THIS--

FREEZE,
SUCKER--
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST.

THAT'S
HIM!

SOUNDS
LIKE MAYBE
HE'S OKAY--
LIKE IT'S JUST
HIM AGAINST
ONE GUY...

MAKE
ONE MOVE
AND
YOU'RE GOING
DOWN.

I MEAN IT.

REALLY.

OH MY

GOSH--



THE SHADOW™

THE SEVEN DEADLY FINNS, PART 4: PRIME TIME

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JEEPERS--
GET AWAY
FROM HIM,
YOU--

STUD MAGAZINE
WAS RIGHT! YOU
ARE A KILLER--
A BLOODTHIRSTY
MANIAC--!

THEIR REPORT WAS...
IMPARTIAL, YES...
BUT--

NO BUTS--
THE ONLY WAY
YOU'RE GONNA KILL
MISTER MAGNET
IS OVER MY
DEAD BODY!



MAGNET...?

THE DETECTIVE
MAGNET...?

TH-THAT'S
RIGHT,
SHADOW... YOU
HEARD 'A ME, I
-NGGGH-
SEE...



GUESS YOU HAD TO...
BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU
SINCE YOU HELPED ME
LOSE MY JOB WITH THE
SECRET -AGGG-
SERVICE...

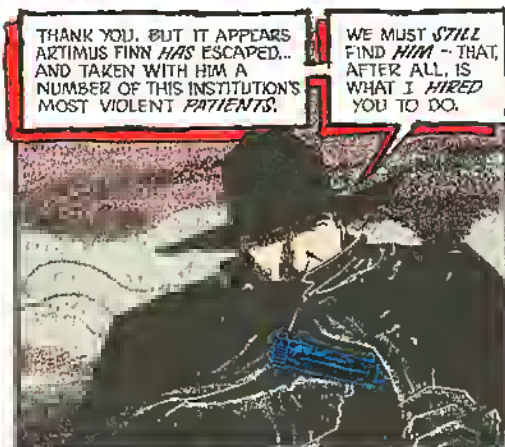
BUT
IT -UGGH-
WASN'T YOU
I WAS AFTER
JUST NOW...

I WAS
WORKIN' ON A
CASE... TAILIN'
THE FINNS... ME
AN' THE KID
HERE...

DUNNO WHAT
-GGGULUHHH-
HAPPENED TO
ARTIE FINN...



...BUT
YOU SURE
-NGGN-
DID A NUMBER
ON HIS
TROOPS...



THANK YOU, BUT IT APPEARS
ARTIMUS FINN HAS ESCAPED...
AND TAKEN WITH HIM A
NUMBER OF THIS INSTITUTION'S
MOST VIOLENT PATIENTS.

WE MUST STILL
FIND HIM-- THAT,
AFTER ALL, IS
WHAT I HIRED
YOU TO DO.

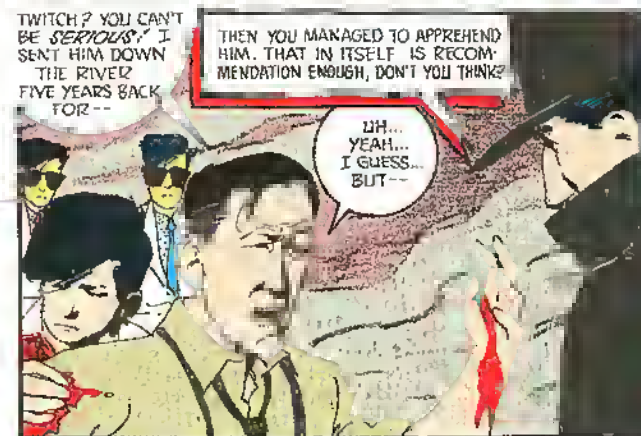


YOU--?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

WE'VE ALREADY
AGREED ON
THAT, MISTER
MAGNET!

A DAME
HIRED ME
TO FIND OUT
ALL I COULD
ABOUT THE FINNS--
A BLONDE,
LONG-LEGGED--

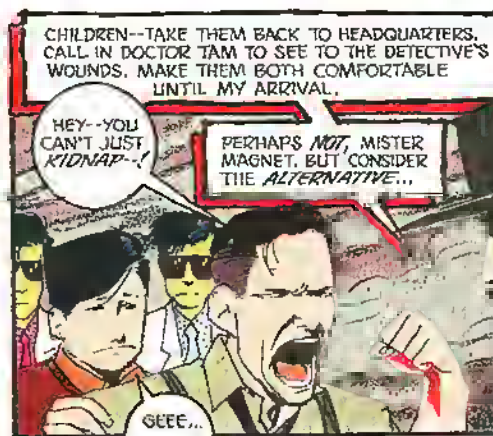
SHE, TOO, WORKS
FOR ME. I HAD HER
LOCATE YOU. YOU
WERE RECOMMENDED
BY A MISTER
TWITCHKOWITZ...



TWITCH? YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS! I
SENT HIM DOWN
THE RIVER
FIVE YEARS BACK
FOR--

THEN YOU MANAGED TO APPREHEND
HIM. THAT IN ITSELF IS RECOM-
MENDATION ENOUGH, DON'T YOU THINK?

UH...
YEAH...
I GUESS...
BUT--

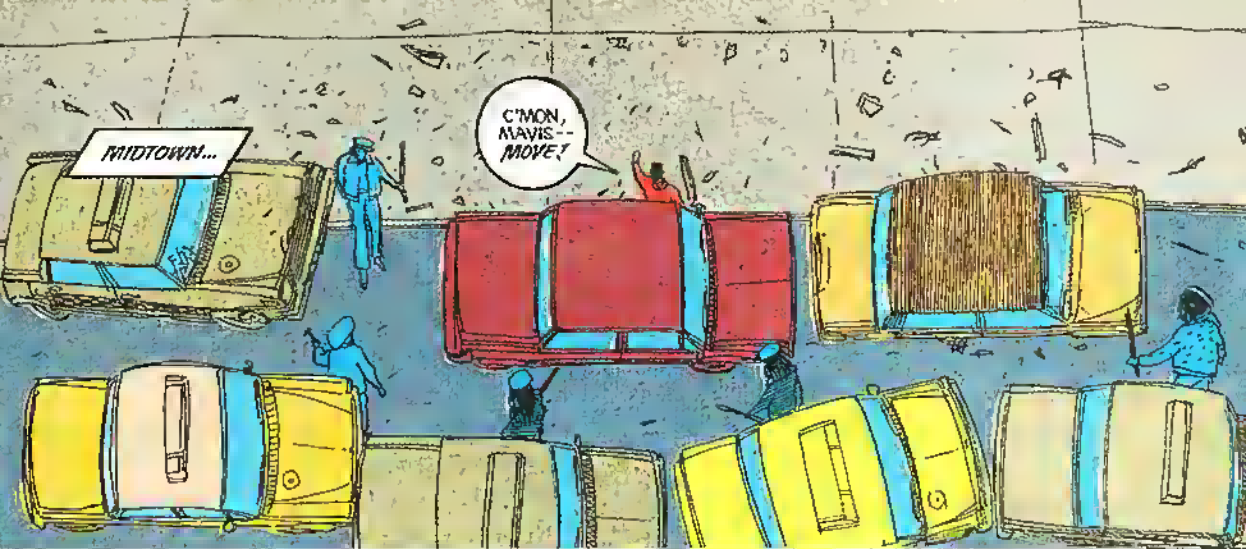


CHILDREN--TAKE THEM BACK TO HEADQUARTERS.
CALL IN DOCTOR TAM TO SEE TO THE DETECTIVE'S
WOUNDS. MAKE THEM BOTH COMFORTABLE
UNTIL MY ARRIVAL.

HEY--YOU
CAN'T JUST
KIDNAP--!

PERHAPS NOT, MISTER
MAGNET, BUT CONSIDER
THE ALTERNATIVE...

GEE...

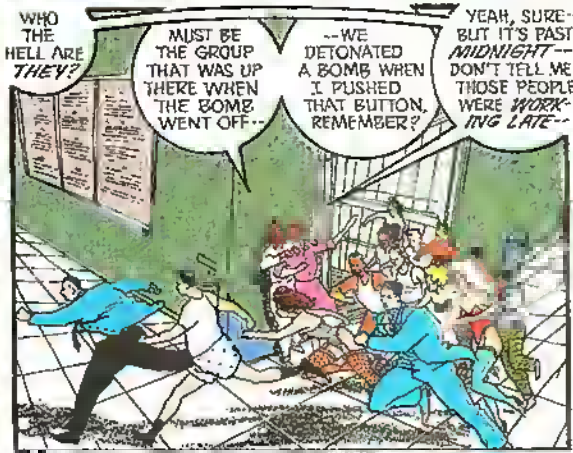
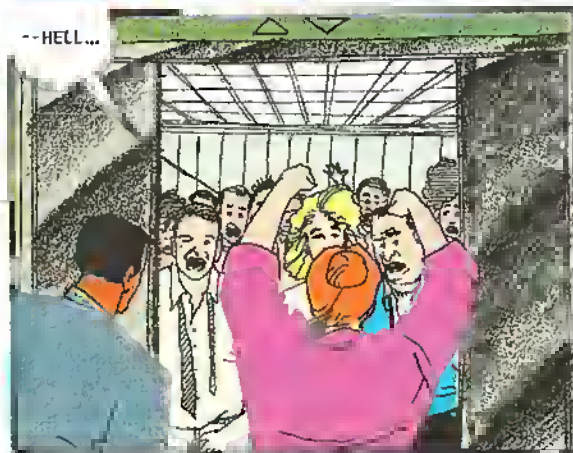


WE WERE JUST SUPPOSED TO WAIT IN THE CAR AND PRESS A BUTTON-- THEN TAKE IN A FLICK AND A MEAL...



I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE AFTER THEM OR US-- BUT UNLESS WE CAN GET AWAY--

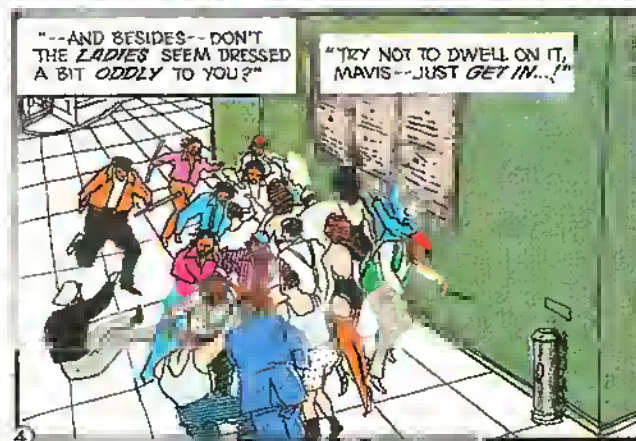
OPEN, DAMMIT-- O--



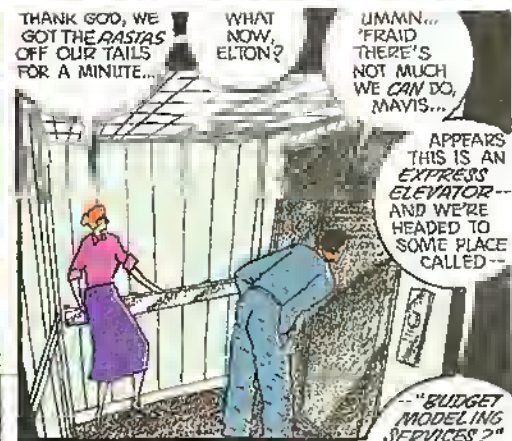
MUST BE THE GROUP THAT WAS UP THERE WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF--

--WE DETONATED A BOMB WHEN I PUSHED THAT BUTTON. REMEMBER?

YEAH, SURE-- BUT IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT-- DON'T TELL ME THOSE PEOPLE WERE WORKING LATE--



"TRY NOT TO DWELL ON IT, MAVIS-- JUST GET IN..."

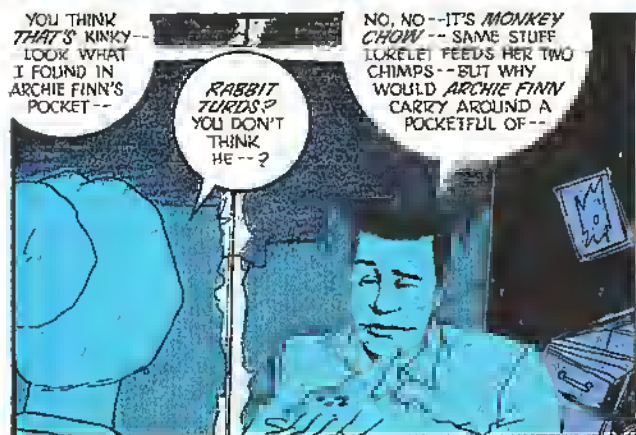
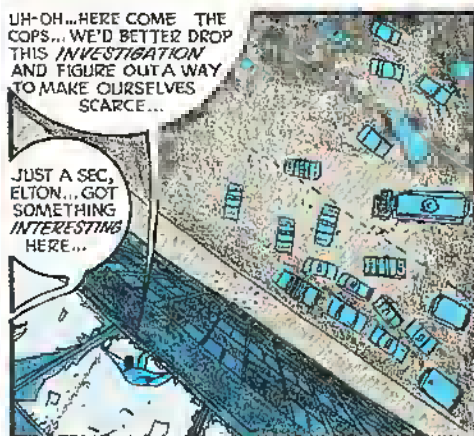
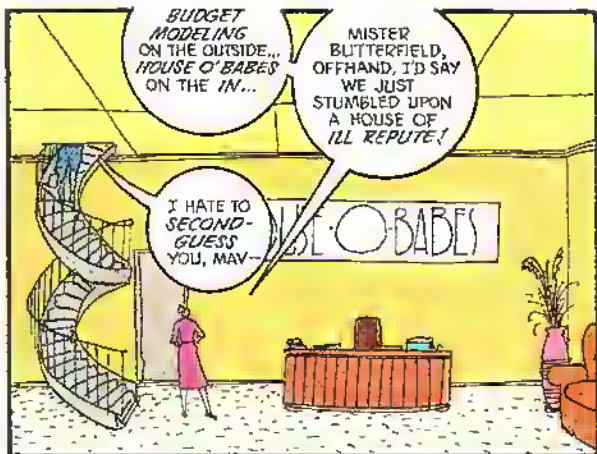
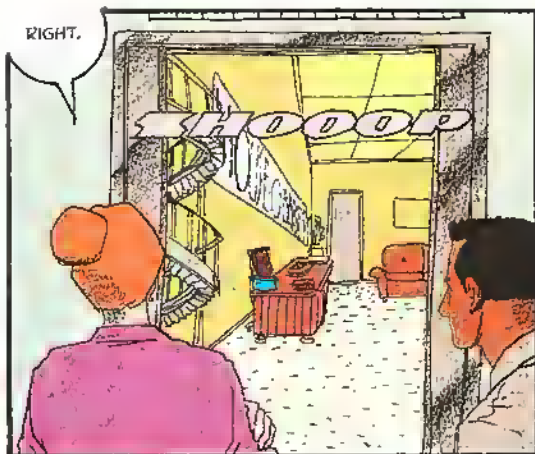


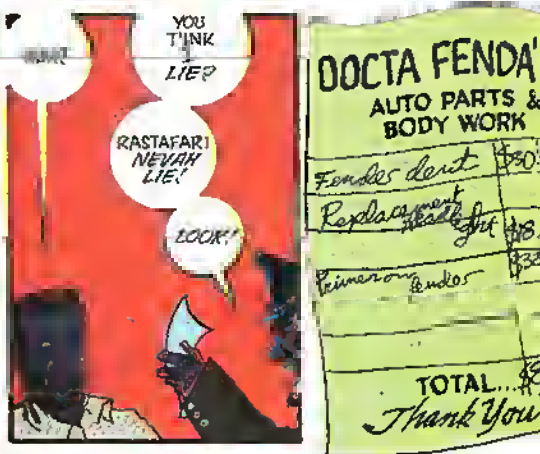
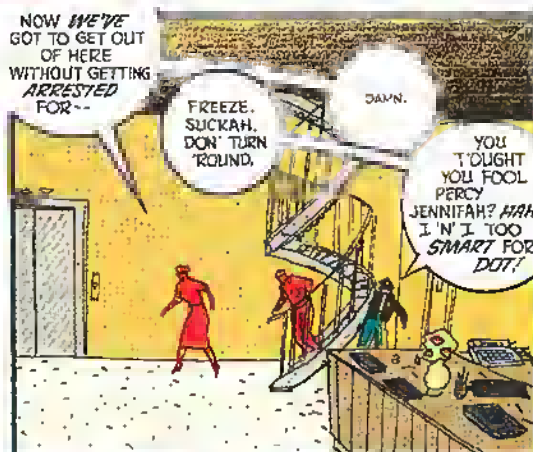
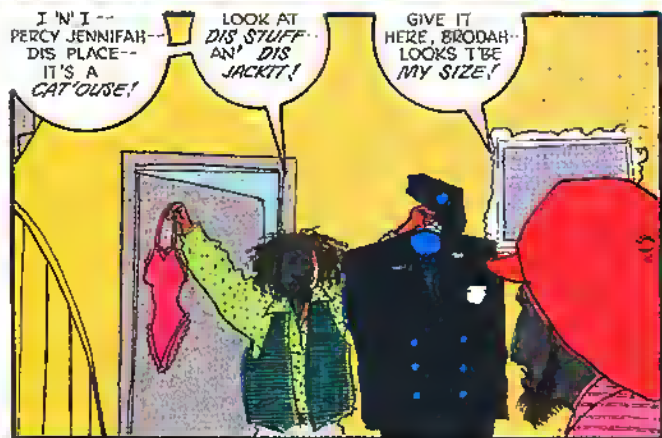
WHAT NOW, ELTON?

UMMM... 'FRAID THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO, MAVIS...

APPEARS THIS IS AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR-- AND WE'RE HEADED TO SOME PLACE CALLED--

--BUDGET MODELING SERVICES?"







AUTO REPAIR--? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS--!

'COURSE I SERIOUS, MON--YOU FRIEN-- DE ONE WIT DE MON'S BLOODY ARMY HANGIN' FROM 'IS CASE-- HIJOCK ME COB--

--MAKE ME CRAK UP ME COB GOIN' TO DOT CRAZY CHURCH--

OH, LORD-- HE MUST MEAN ALBERT!

AFTER HE SWIPED SHIWAN KHAN'S MIND CONTROLLER, HE MUST'VE HAILED PERCY'S CAB... BET HE MADE LIFE A BIT DIFFICULT FOR HIM, TOO--

YOU BET, LADY! AN' WHEN I TRY TO GET DE CASH FOR REPAIRS, YOU GUYS IGNORE ME!

WE WERE...UH... BUSY AT THE TIME, PERCY...



PAY THE MAN, ELTON.

RIGHT, MAVIS. NO HARD FEELINGS, EH, PERCY?

SURE NOT! LIKE I SAY, MON-- I NOT NO CRIMINAL--

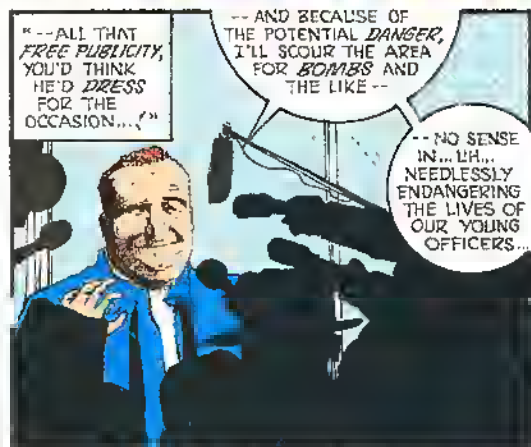


-- I ONLY WANT WHAT'S A'COMIN' T' ME --

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN WE CAN'T GO IN??

COMMISSIONER'S ORDERS, SIR. HE WANTS US TO HANDLE THE SUSPECTS--HE INSISTS ON EXAMINING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME PERSONALLY!

DAMN GLORY HOUND-- JUST LOOK AT HIM... PREENING FOR THE PRESS LIKE A PEACOCK! MAKES A MAN WONDER, THOUGH--



"--ALL THAT FREE PUBLICITY, YOU'D THINK HE'D DRESS FOR THE OCCASION..."

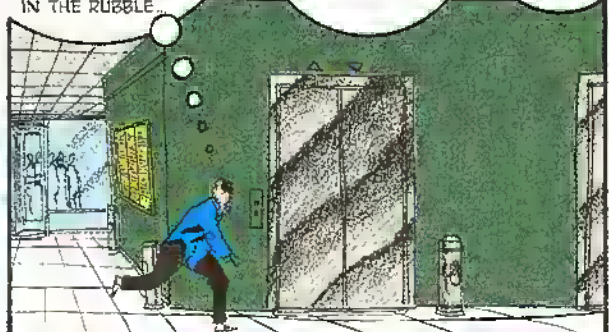
--AND BECAUSE OF THE POTENTIAL DANGER, I'LL SCOUR THE AREA FOR BOMBS AND THE LIKE--

--NO SENSE IN...UH... NEEDLESSLY ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF OUR YOUNG OFFICERS--

WHEW! THANK GOODNESS THAT WORKED! ALL I NEED IS FOR CARDONA AND HIS ROOKIES TO FIND MY BLASTED UNIFORM UP THERE IN THE RUBBLE

...MAKE THE CONNECTIONS TO THE FINN FAMILY AND ME...AND BAM! ANOTHER KNAPP COMMISSION!

...MY LUCK, THAT OLD PRINE WOULD GET MY JOB!



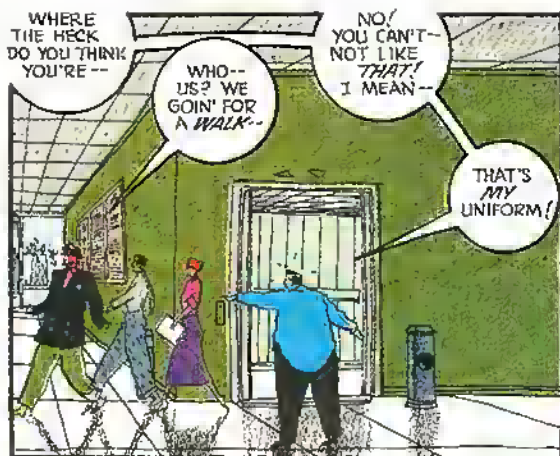
WELL, I SHOULD BE COVERED NOW, THOUGH... GET UP THERE, FIND THE UNIFORM... BURN IT, FLUSH IT DOWN THE JOHN...

NO ONE WILL EVER BE THE WISER--

BING



'ALLO, MON!

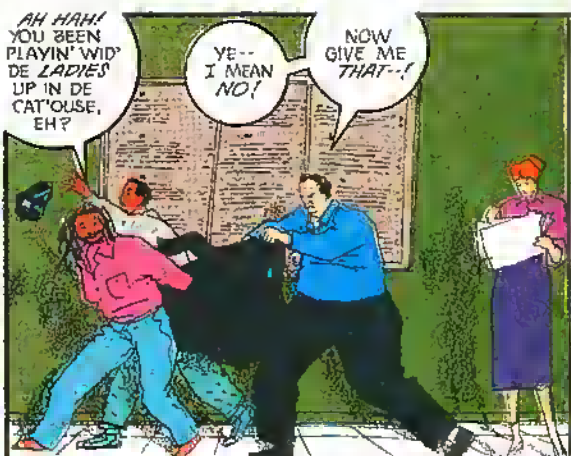


WHERE THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE --

WHO-- US? WE GOIN' FOR A WALK--

NO! YOU CAN'T-- NOT LIKE THAT! I MEAN--

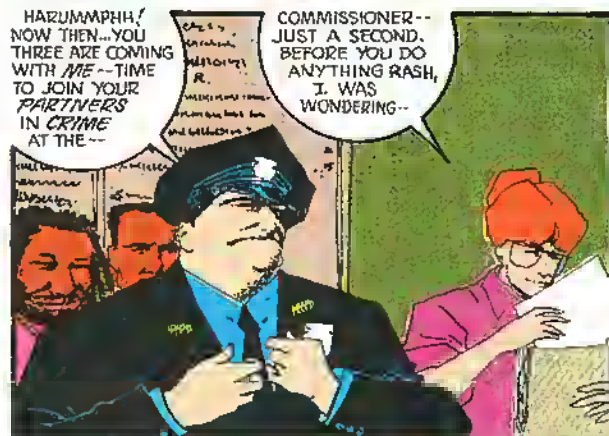
THAT'S MY UNIFORM!



AH HAH! YOU BEEN PLAYIN' WID' DE LADIES UP IN DE CAT'OUSE, EH?

YE-- I MEAN NO!

NOW GIVE ME THAT--!



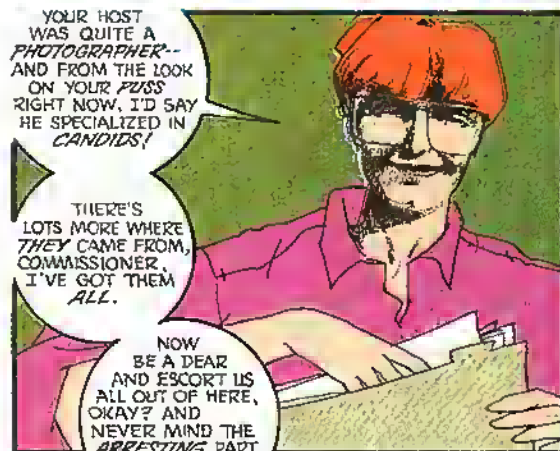
HAZUMMPH! NOW THEN--YOU THREE ARE COMING WITH ME--TIME TO JOIN YOUR PARTNERS IN CRIME AT THE--

COMMISSIONER-- JUST A SECOND. BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH, I WAS WONDERING--



--COULD WE GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH--?

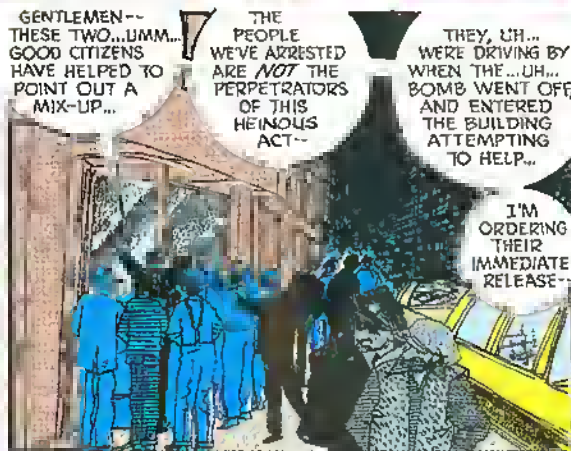
WHERE IN BLAZES DID YOU GET THAT--??!



YOUR HOST WAS QUITE A PHOTOGRAPHER-- AND FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FUSS RIGHT NOW, I'D SAY HE SPECIALIZED IN CANDIDS!

THERE'S LOTS MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM, COMMISSIONER. I'VE GOT THEM ALL.

NOW BE A DEAR AND ESCORT US ALL OUT OF HERE, OKAY? AND NEVER MIND THE ARRESTING PART...

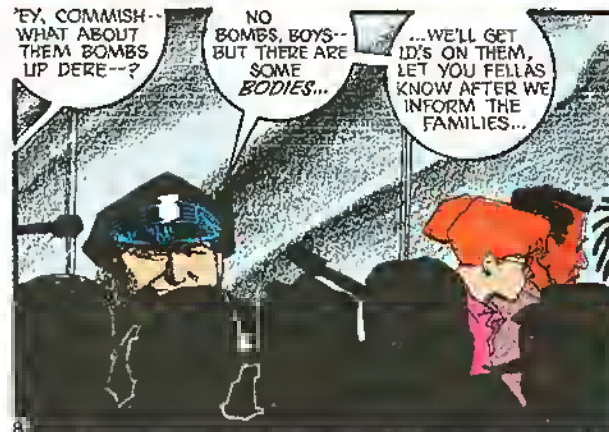


GENTLEMEN-- THESE TWO...UMM... GOOD CITIZENS HAVE HELPED TO POINT OUT A MIX-UP...

THE PEOPLE WE'VE ARRESTED ARE NOT THE PERPETRATORS OF THIS HEINOUS ACT--

THEY, UH... WERE DRIVING BY WHEN THE...UH... BOMB WENT OFF, AND ENTERED THE BUILDING ATTEMPTING TO HELP...

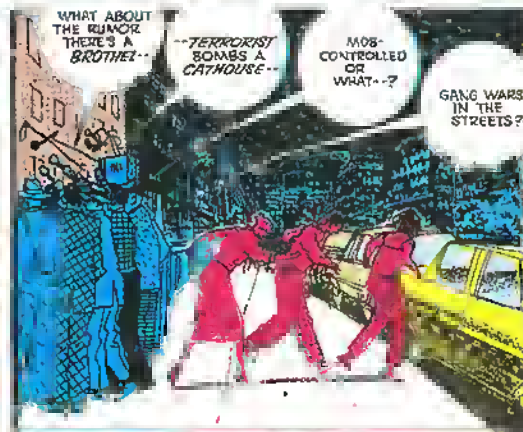
I'M ORDERING THEIR IMMEDIATE RELEASE--



EY, COMMISH-- WHAT ABOUT THEM BOMBS UP DERE--?

NO BOMBS, BOYS-- BUT THERE ARE SOME BODIES...

...WE'LL GET ID'S ON THEM. LET YOU FELLAS KNOW AFTER WE INFORM THE FAMILIES...

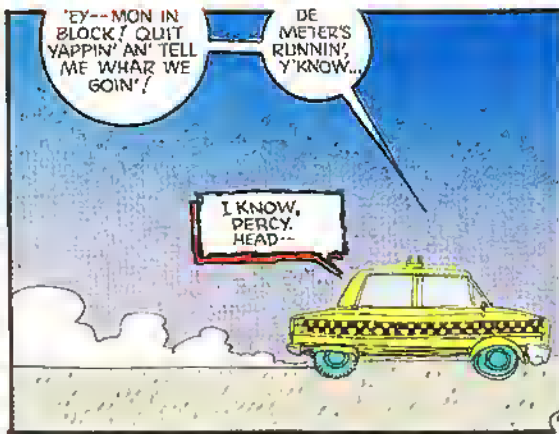
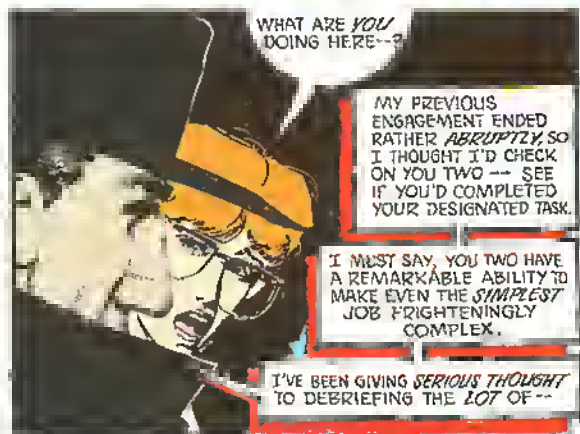
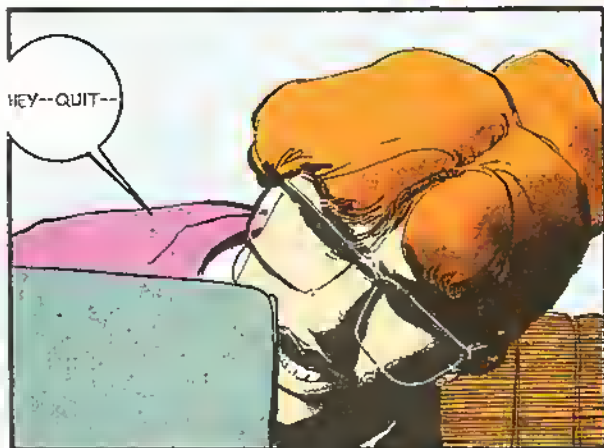
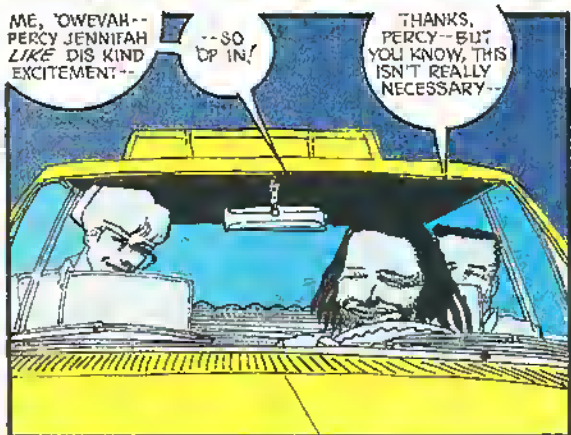
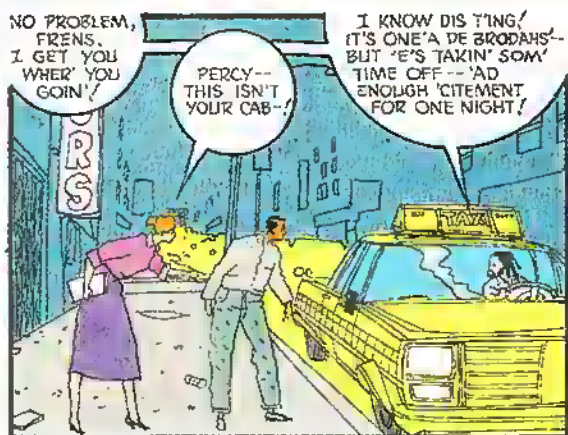
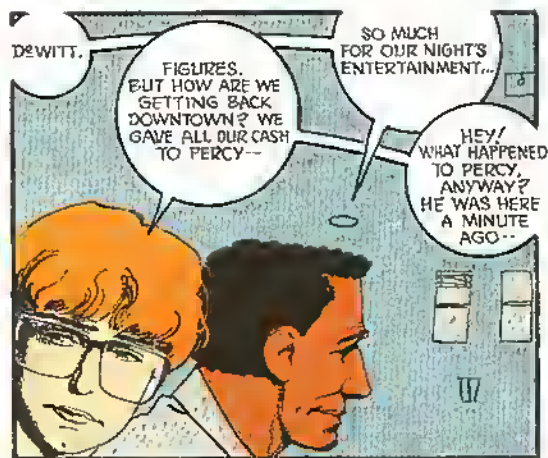
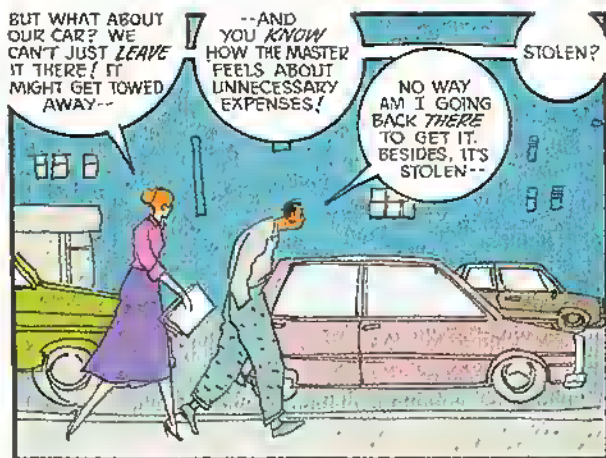


WHAT ABOUT THE RUMOR THERE'S A BROTHER--

--TERRORIST BOMBS A CATHOUSE--

MOB- CONTROLLED OR WHAT--?

GANG WARS IN THE STREETS??





--DOWNTOWN--

OMWWWW!!!



WATCH THAT *NEEDLE*, DOC! THAT'S MY SKIN YOU'RE SEWING--NOT A *TURKEYS*!

FORGIVE THIS ONE, MISTER MAGNET-- BUT MY EYES ARE FAR FROM YOUNG. SOMETIMES, I MAKE *ERRORS* IN MY PRACTICED ART...

BUT DON'T WORRY IT NONE, MAGNET-- NOBODY'S EVER *LIVED* TO SQUAWK ABOUT 'EM!

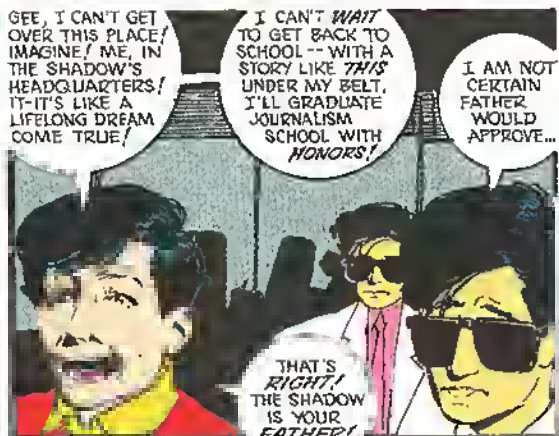


THANK YOU FOR THAT BIT OF INFORMATION --UH--

D'SWITT. D'SWITT PEREZ.

PEREZ... YOU LOOK *FAMILIAR*. D'SWITT-- DO I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?

NOT UNLESS YOU WORKED N.Y.P.D. *MORALS* DIVISION THE LAST FEW YEARS...



GEE, I CAN'T GET OVER THIS PLACE! IMAGINE! ME, IN THE SHADOW'S HEADQUARTERS! IT-IT'S LIKE A LIFELONG DREAM COME TRUE!

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL -- WITH A STORY LIKE *THIS* UNDER MY BELT, I'LL GRADUATE JOURNALISM SCHOOL WITH *HONORS*!

I AM NOT CERTAIN FATHER WOULD APPROVE...

THAT'S *RIGHT*! THE SHADOW IS YOUR FATHER!



SO TELL ME -- WHAT WAS IT LIKE GROWING UP IN THE SHADOW HOUSEHOLD. I MEAN, DID YOU DO THE KIND OF THINGS NORMAL KIDS DO--?

I AM NOT SURE. OUR FATHER WAS A BIT OF A *DISCIPLINARIAN*...

"HARD, BUT FAIR"? CAN I PUT THAT DOWN?

YOU ARE *HALF* CORRECT...



HI, PEOPLE. HOW GOES THE W--

HEY! I KNOW YOU-- YOU'RE THE DAME THAT *HIRED* ME!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL *DETECTIVE* WORK, EH, ELT?

CUT THE *CLOWNING*, LADY -- YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU *SET* ME UP FOR?



SURE-- *HMM*.

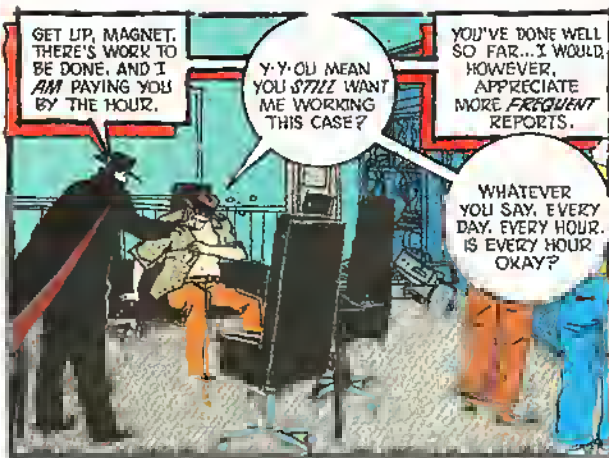
YEEEE!!!



YOU KNOW, DICK, I THINK THE MASTER *LIKES* YOU.

HE *COULD* WALK IN THE DOOR LIKE *REGULAR* FOLK. HE DOESN'T HAVE TO COME IN THE WINDOW.

HE ONLY DOES *THAT* FOR PEOPLE HE WANTS TO *IMPRESS*...

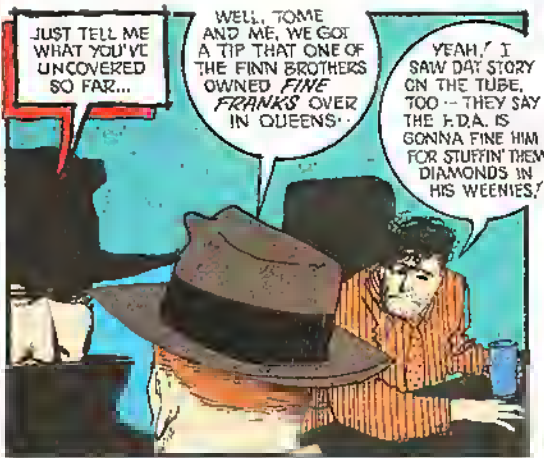


GET UP, MAGNET. THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE. AND I AM PAYING YOU BY THE HOUR.

Y-Y-OU MEAN YOU *STILL* WANT ME WORKING THIS CASE?

YOU'VE DONE WELL SO FAR... I WOULD, HOWEVER, APPRECIATE MORE *FREQUENT* REPORTS.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR, IS EVERY HOUR, OKAY?



JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE UNCOVERED SO FAR...

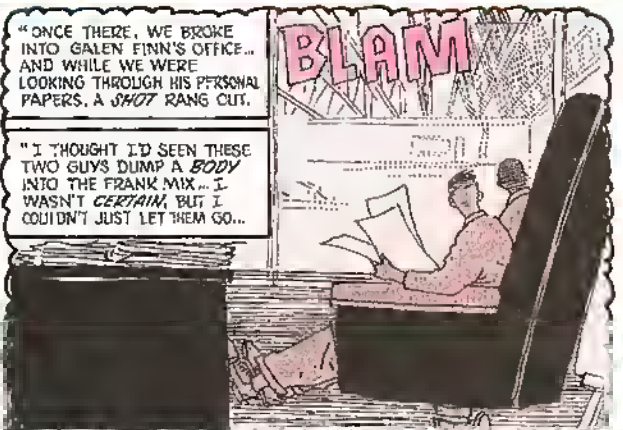
WELL, TOME AND ME, WE GOT A TIP THAT ONE OF THE FINN BROTHERS OWNED *FINE FRANKS* OVER IN QUEENS...

YEAH, I SAW DAY STORY ON THE TUBE, TOO -- THEY SAY THE F.D.A. IS GONNA FINE HIM FOR STUFFIN' THEM DIAMONDS IN HIS WEENIES!



"YEAH... LIKE HE SAID..."

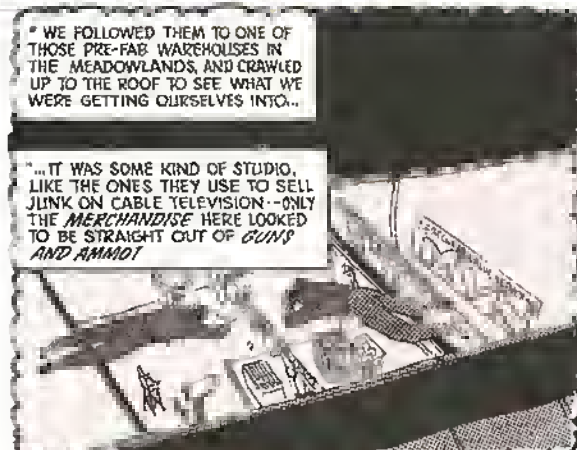
"SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP OVER TO THE FACTORY. LOOK FOR SOME MORE LEADS. THE PLACE WAS CLOSED, SO WE WORKED OUT AN ELABORATE SCHEME TO GET INSIDE.



"ONCE THERE, WE BROKE INTO GALEN FINN'S OFFICE... AND WHILE WE WERE LOOKING THROUGH HIS PERSONAL PAPERS, A *SHOT* RANG OUT.

"I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THESE TWO GUYS DUMP A *BODY* INTO THE FRANK MIX... I WASN'T *CERTAIN*, BUT I COULDN'T JUST LET THEM GO..."

BLAM



"WE FOLLOWED THEM TO ONE OF THOSE PRE-FAB WAREHOUSES IN THE MEADOWLANDS, AND CRAWLED UP TO THE ROOF TO SEE WHAT WE WERE GETTING OURSELVES INTO..."

"...IT WAS SOME KIND OF STUDIO, LIKE THE ONES THEY USE TO SELL JUNK ON CABLE TELEVISION -- ONLY THE *MERCHANDISE* HERE LOOKED TO BE STRAIGHT OUT OF *GUYS AND DOLLS*!"



"THEN, JUST AS WE WERE GETTING *COMFORTABLE* UP ON THE ROOF THERE, HALF A *PLATOON* OF THOSE *RAMBO*-TYPES DECIDED TO TAKE OFF..."

"WE FOLLOWED 'EM... AND THEY LED US STRAIGHT TO THE PSYCH HOSPITAL, WHERE THEY MET THEIR *BOSS* -- ARTIMUS FINN..."

"...AND *WE* MET YOU!"

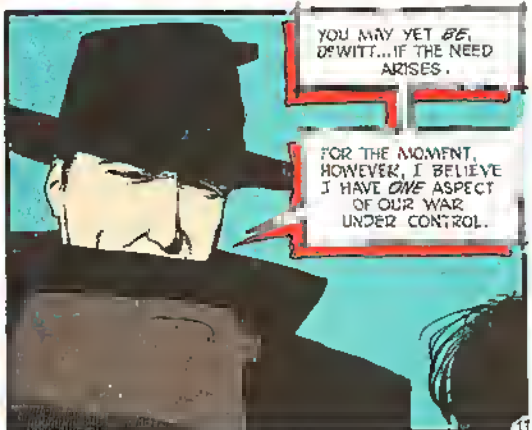


YOU KNOW THE REST...

HMM... THAT WAS QUITE A STORY...

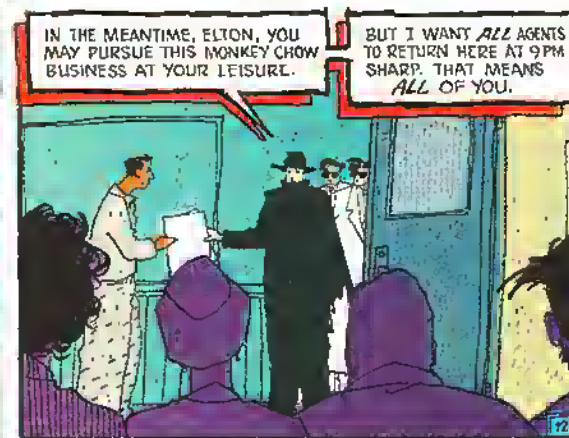
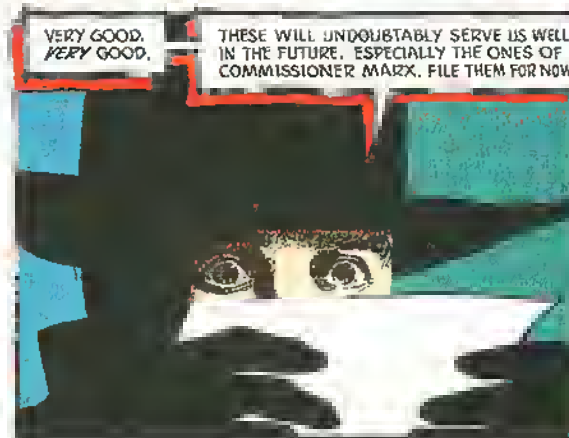
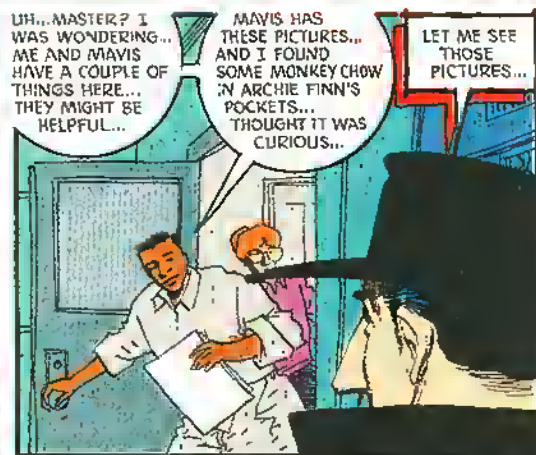
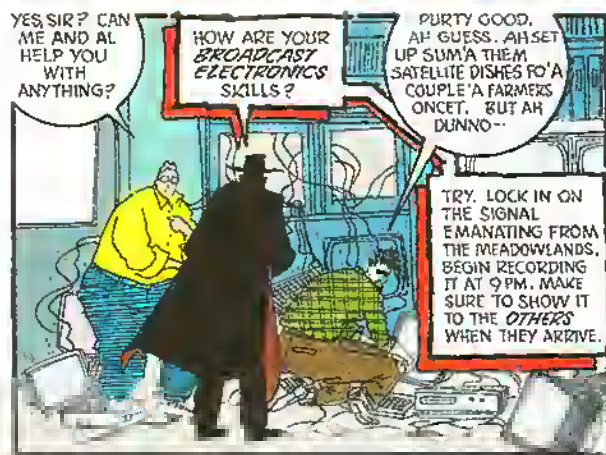
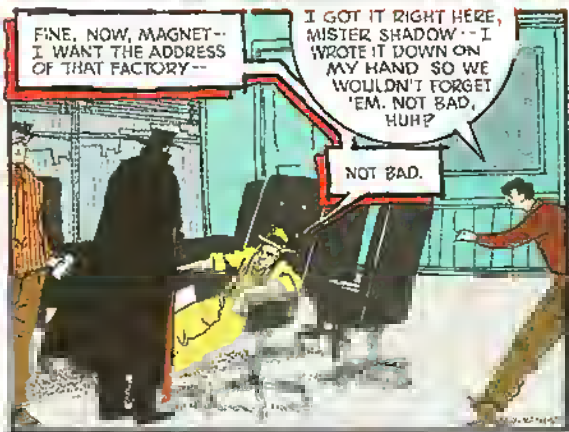
SUCH VIVID IMAGERY...

YEAH... IT'S ALMOST LIKE I WAS ACTUALLY *THERE*...



YOU MAY YET *BE*, D'WITT... IF THE NEED ARISES.

FOR THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, I BELIEVE I HAVE *ONE* ASPECT OF OUR WAR UNDER CONTROL.



LET'S SEE NOW...THE
LAST I REMEMBER,
LOU COSTA WAS MY
LOCAL CONTACT...
HAD THE FINEST
KICK POWDER
IN THE CITY...

GOD ONLY KNOWS
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM,
BUT HIS POWDER
HELPED ME WIN MORE
HORSE RACES AND
WRESTLING MATCHES
THAN I'D CARE TO
COUNT...

HUH...
THEY CALLED ME
"THE KICKER"
BACK THEN...NO ONE
COULD FIX 'EM
LIKE I
FIXED 'EM...

COKE CRACK
SPEED SMACK...
NICKEL DIMES AND
KILOS...COKE
CRACK SPEED...

AR, WELL...
THIS LOOKS AS
GOOD A PLACE
TO START
AS ANY...

EXCUSE ME,
SIR...I'M LOOKING
FOR A SUPPLY OF
TRI-METHYL
ALAYNINE...
HAVE ANY?

GET OUT MY FACE,
CREEP. I LOOKIN'
T'DO BIZNESS--
NOT TRADE NO
FANCY NAMES
WIT' YOU...

AH, WELL, THEN, MY
FRIEND, I'M TRULY SORRY
TO BE WASTING YOUR
TIME-- BUT I'VE
ONE MORE NAME
FOR YOU...

...WORLD'S
MOST
TRUSTED
TRUTH
SERUM--

--AM I
RIGHT?

--SODIUM
PENTATHOL...

YESSSS...

GOOD. NOW
TELL ME... DO
YOU KNOW A
MISTER LOUIS
COSTA?

SMILIN'
LOU? YESS...
RUNS A
HEAD SHOP
ON THE
SQUARE...

TIMES SQUARE...

IT'S GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN,
TWITCH...ALL THAT
MONEY I MADE WITH
YOUR WRESTLERS--
THEY'D LINE UP HERE
LIKE I WAS GIVING
AWAY CHAMPIONSHIP
BELTS!

I REMEMBER,
LOU--AND I NEED
A FAVOR FROM
YOU. I'VE FALLEN
ON
HARD TIMES...

YOU NEED
MONEY, TWITCH?
I GOT PLENTY--
TAKE!

NO
MONEY, LOU.
I NEED A JOB.
HEAR OF ANY
OPENINGS FOR
UNDERGROUND
CHEMISTS?

IT'S FUNNY YOU
SHOULD MENTION IT!
FELLA NAMED FINN
JUST PUT THE CALL
OUT-- HE'S GOT A
PLANT OPENING IN
ASTORIA...

BUT TWITCH--THIS
ISN'T SPORTS MEDICINE
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT
HERE...FINN'S A DEALER.
TO PEOPLE...CHILDREN,
EVEN... HE'S SCUM...!

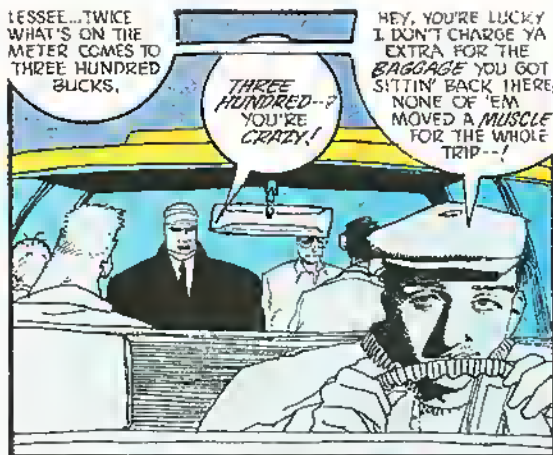
NOW, LOU--
BEGGARS
CAN'T BE
CHOOSERS--

OKAY,
OKAY--I
GIVE YOU
THE ADDRESS.
YOU TELL HIM
I SENT YOU--
HE'LL TREAT
YOU RIGHT.

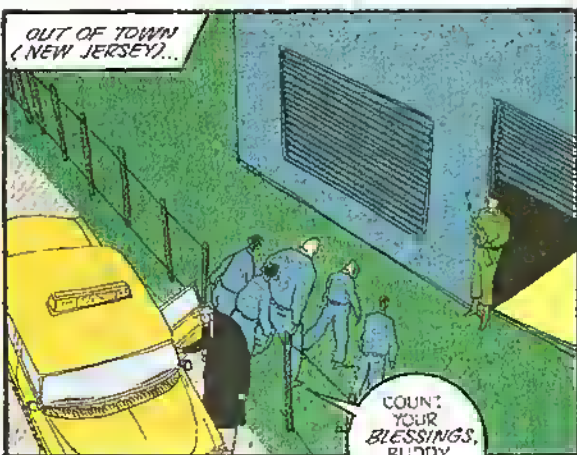
LESSEE...TWICE
WHAT'S ON THE
METER COMES TO
THREE HUNDRED
BUCKS.

THREE
HUNDRED--?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

HEY, YOU'RE LUCKY
I DON'T CHARGE YA
EXTRA FOR THE
BAGGAGE YOU GOT
SITTIN' BACK THERE!
NONE OF 'EM
MOVED A MUSCLE
FOR THE WHOLE
TRIP--!



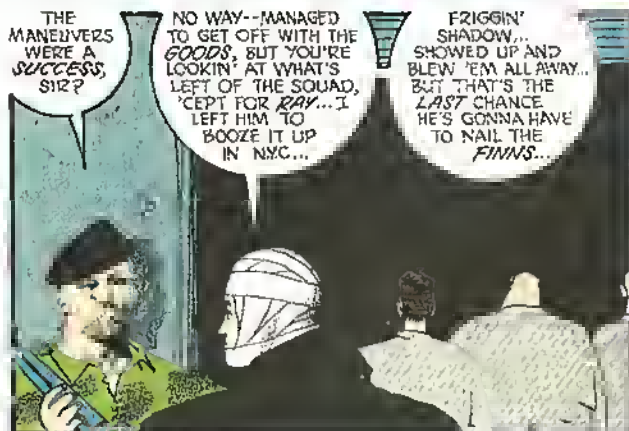
OUT OF TOWN
(NEW JERSEY)...



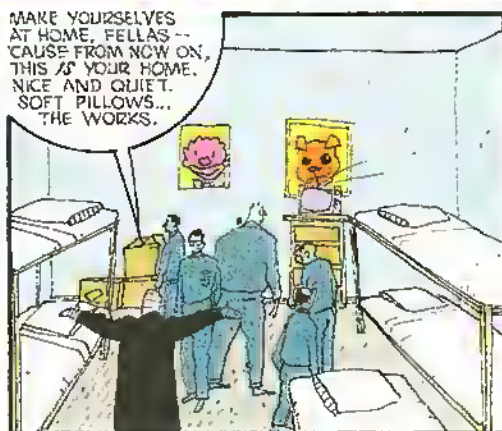
THE
MANEUVERS
WERE A
SUCCESS,
SIR?

NO WAY--MANAGED
TO GET OFF WITH THE
GOODS, BUT YOU'RE
LOOKIN' AT WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE SQUAD,
'CEPT FOR RAY...I
LEFT HIM TO
BOOZE IT UP
IN NYC...

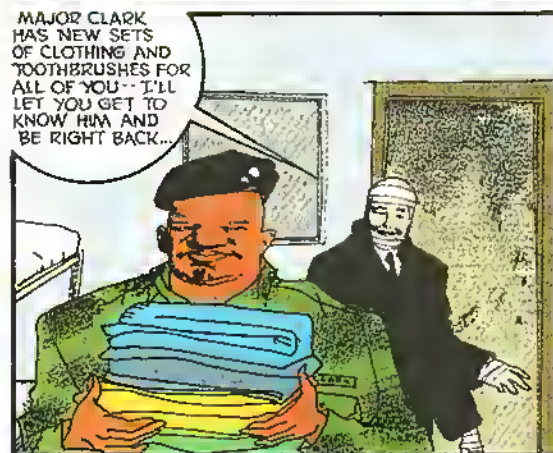
FRIGGIN'
SHADOW...
SHOWED UP AND
BLEW 'EM ALL AWAY...
BUT THAT'S THE
LAST CHANCE
HE'S GONNA HAVE
TO NAIL THE
FINNS...



MAKE YOURSELVES
AT HOME, FELLAS--
CAUSE FROM NOW ON,
THIS IS YOUR HOME.
NICE AND QUIET.
SOFT PILLOWS...
THE WORKS.

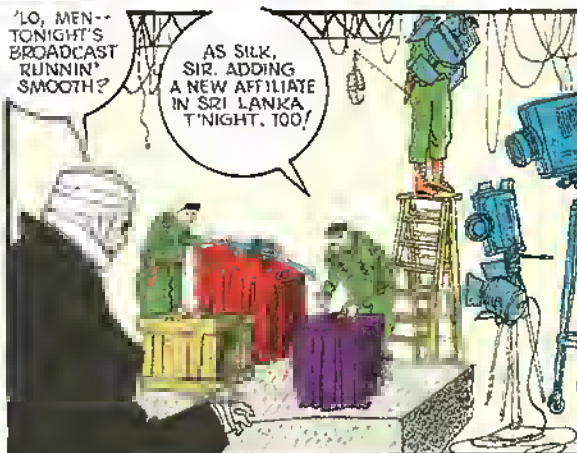


MAJOR CLARK
HAS NEW SETS
OF CLOTHING AND
TOOTHBRUSHES FOR
ALL OF YOU--I'LL
LET YOU GET TO
KNOW HIM AND
BE RIGHT BACK...



'LO, MEN--
TONIGHT'S
BROADCAST
RUNNIN'
SMOOTH?

AS SILK,
SIR. ADDING
A NEW AFFILIATE
IN SRI LANKA
T'NIGHT, TOO!



DID YOU
GET
THEM?

YEAH.

YOU
GOT A PLAN
WORKED OUT
YET?

I HAVE
MANY PLANS.
BUT EACH IS
SPECIFIC TO THE
TEAM THAT
PERFORMS IT.
YOU BRING THE
INFORMATION.
YES?



YOU MEAN
THE LAWYERS'
FILES? YEAH,
I SNAPPED 'EM
UP-- AFTER I
OFFED THE
LAWYER.

HERE.



LARRY GROSS

b. August 17, 1958, Brooklyn, NY
Occupation: None



Mr. Gross is prone to episodes of uncontrollable violence, in which he kills his victims by stabbing them with a large barbecue fork. Mr. Gross has admitted to committing over two dozen murders, but denies direct personal responsibility for the acts, maintaining he was ordered to kill by a demonic creature named RED. A drawing of Red by Gross bears a striking resemblance to the underworld figure known as The Shadow. Since the Shadow has utilized hypnosis in the past, the possibility of a link between the two remains uncertain.

DR. EDWARD FLAX

b. Winter, 1918, Düsseldorf, Germany
Occupation: Doctor in Molecular Biology, The Reinhardt Institute, N.Y.C.



Flax is charged with introducing a deadly synthesized bacteria into the air-conditioning system during a Shirlmer Convention in St. Paul, Minnesota. Flax has gleefully admitted to a host of other attempts to introduce deadly germs - all of his own creation - into the environment. Both the EPA and the NYPD are currently investigating the nature and extent of Flax's illegal experiments. While in confinement, Flax has taken to injecting himself with assorted household items, including toothpaste and floor wax.

LELAND KEMPER

b. June 2, 1955, Sayre, PA
Occupation: Nurse, Riverside Rest Home, Riverside NY



Kemper began his sociopathic career with the mass murder of thirty patients of the Riverside Rest Home. There, Kemper reversed the Oxygen and Nitrous Oxide tanks in the basement of the Home, causing the simultaneous suffocation of all the oxygen-assisted patients. Under hypnosis, Kemper has admitted to the above-mentioned crime, as well as fifty-three other murders. Additionally, he has told interviewers that he himself is dead, and only kills others out of love, because "Being dead is so much fun."

DESMOND SKLAR

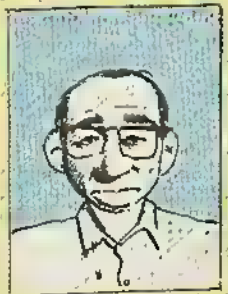
b. January, 1951, Madison, WI
Occupation: Free-lance Puppeteer



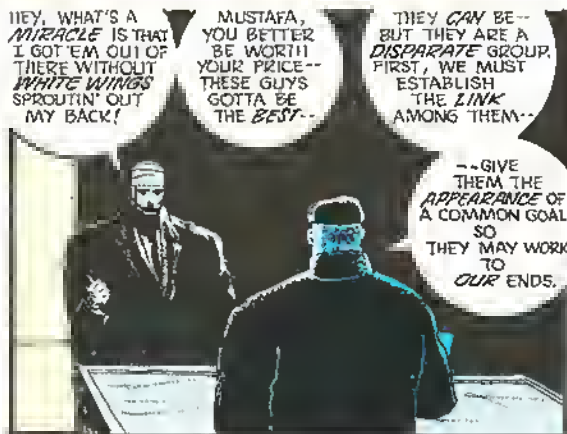
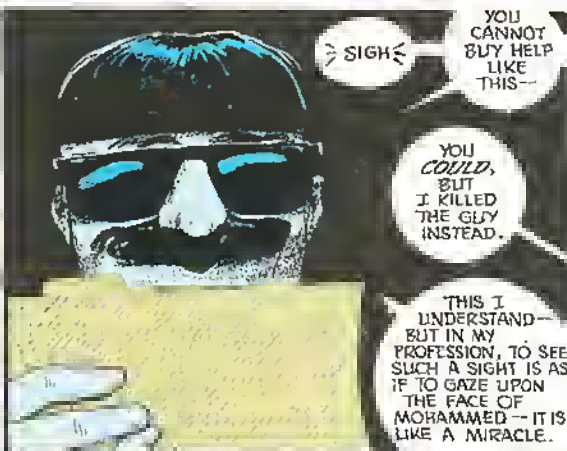
At first glance, Sklar appears to be a mild-mannered Mid-Westerner, but an intensive battery of tests and examinations lead us to diagnose him as a classic paranoid schizophrenic with homicidal tendencies. Plainly put, Desmond believes his hands have lives of their own. Although this delusion at first manifested itself in a relatively harmless exhibition of extraordinarily convincing puppet shows, in later years Sklar and his hands took on a decidedly anti-social bent, resulting in the strangulation murder of over twenty-five human beings and their pets.

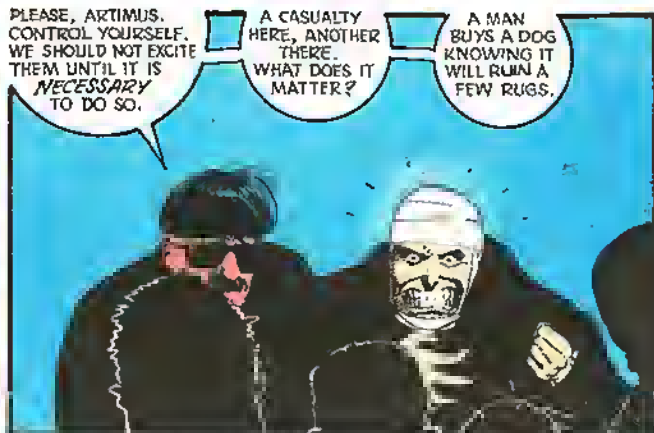
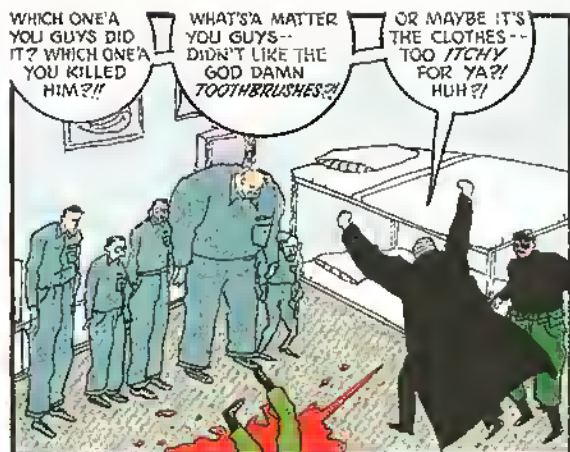
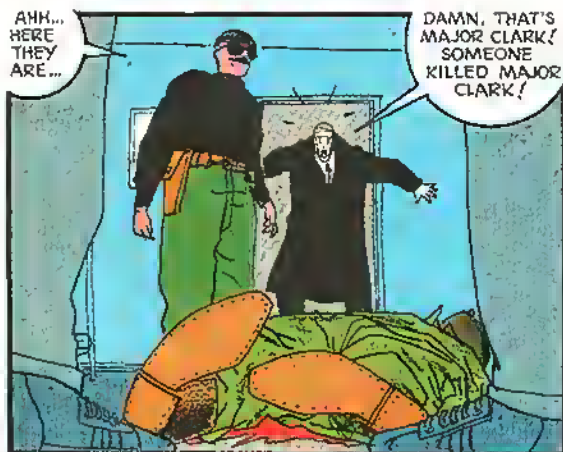
MARVIN MAPLE

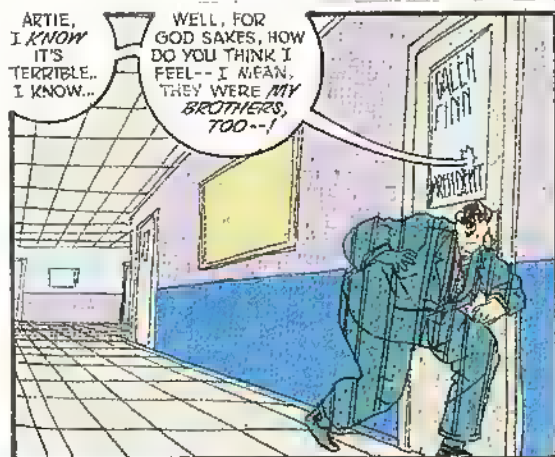
b. May 1, 1940, Bronx, NY
Occupation: Custodial Engineer



Misfit and outcast, Maple spent his youth exploring the NYC subway system. With few social skills, and little desire to learn, he matured into a societal cipher. Upon the death of his mother, however, severe personality disorders surfaced. To date, Maple has been responsible for fifteen subway car derailments, and is suspected of dynamiting the structural support columns of three skyscrapers in the Boston area, resulting in their collapse. At last count, casualties attributed to Maple's demolitions numbered in the high hundreds.







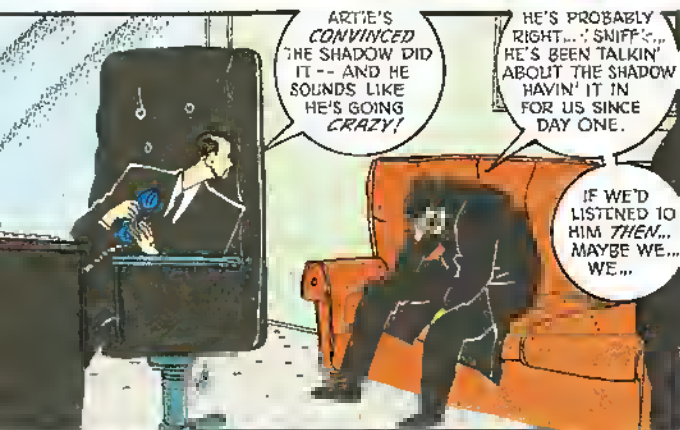
ARTIE, I KNOW IT'S TERRIBLE... I KNOW...

WELL, FOR GOD SAKES, HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL-- I MEAN, THEY WERE MY BROTHERS, TOO--!

NO, ARTIE, WE'RE NOT SURE THE *SHADOW* DID IT. IT WAS A BOMB-- ONE OF ARCHIE'S WISEGUYS JUST WALKED UP TO HIM AND 'GAACK' BOOM.

YEAH... THE WISEGUY BOUGHT IT, TOO-- THE SECRETARY SAID HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK NERVOUS WHEN HE WENT UP. SAID HE HAD A BOX OF CHOCOLATES FOR ARCHIE--

--HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MIND CONTROL? THE *SHADOW*?



ARTIE'S CONVINCED THE *SHADOW* DID IT-- AND HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOING CRAZY!

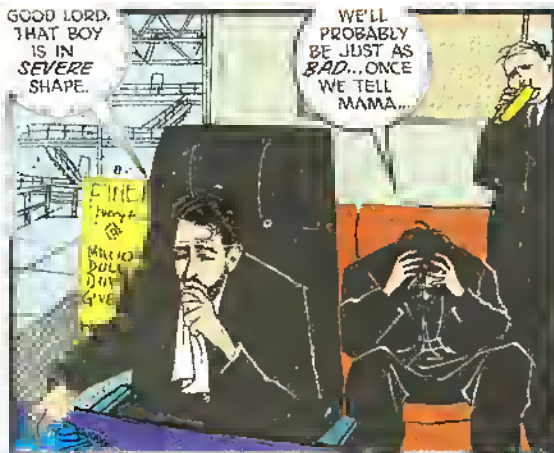
HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT... :SNIFF: HE'S BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT THE *SHADOW* HAVIN' IT IN FOR US SINCE DAY ONE.

IF WE'D LISTENED TO HIM *THEN*... MAYBE WE... WE...



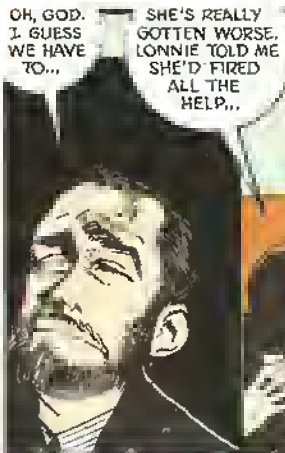
TAKE IT EASY, SHAWN... HAVE A FRANK...

OKAY, OKAY, ARTIE-- YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. OKAY-- YES, WE'LL LOOK AT YOUR SECRET WEAPON. BUT TONIGHT. AT SHAWN'S LAB. TONIGHT.



GOOD LORD, THAT BOY IS IN SEVERE SHAPE.

WE'LL PROBABLY BE JUST AS BAD... ONCE WE TELL MAMA...



OH, GOD. I GUESS WE HAVE TO...

SHE'S REALLY GOTTEN WORSE. LONNIE TOLD ME SHE'D FIRED ALL THE HELP...

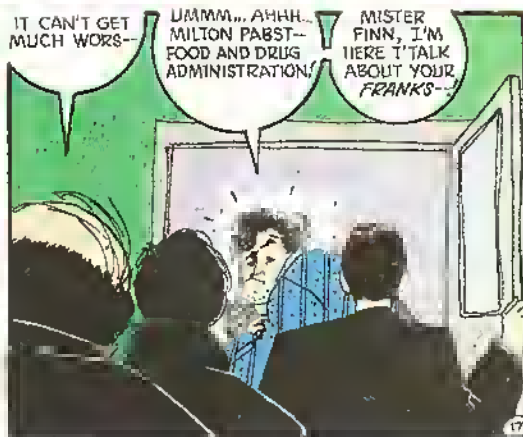
AND MY DELIVERY GUYS JUST DROP THE FOOD AT THE DOOR... WHEN THEY COME BACK A FEW DAYS LATER, IT'S ALL GONE.



ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. WE'RE GOING. GLEN-- ARE YOU COMING?

SORRY, BUT I JUST AIN'T GOT THE STOMACH FOR IT. BUT TAKE THIS ALONG... IT ALWAYS HELPS.

AND LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, BROTHERS--



IT CAN'T GET MUCH WORS--

UAMMM... AHHH... MILTON PABST-- FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION!

MISTER FINN, I'M HERE TALK ABOUT YOUR FRANKS--



--IN YOUR POCKET,
OR ARE YOU JUST
HAPPY TO
SEE ME??

OH, THAT'S
VERY DIRTY,
MISTER
BAXTER!

AND NOW IT'S
MY TURN?
WELL, LET ME
SEE...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

THE DOORBELL!
BURBANK MUST
HAVE FORGOTTEN
HIS KEYS AGAIN...
THAT MAN IS SO
FORGETFUL!

CODY--BE A
SWEETHEART
AND LET HIM
IN--?

BEEP
BEEP!

NOK NOK NOK



HOLD YOUR
HORSES--
WE'RE
COMING!!

OH--
NOT YOU,
DEAR...

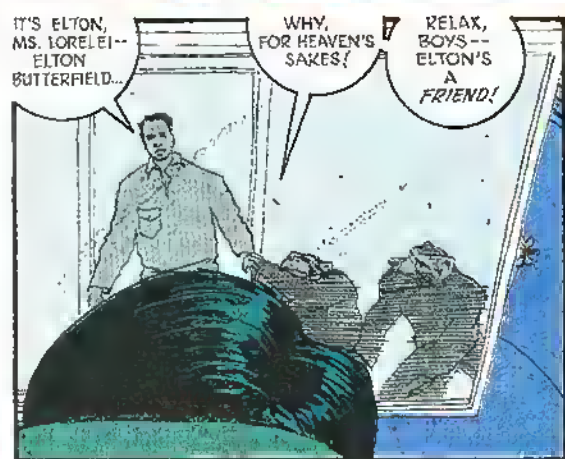
UMM, MISTER
BAXTER--COULD
YOU CALL BACK
LATER? I'VE
GOT SOME
COMPANY--

--THAT'S RIGHT--
RAVAGING MONGOL
HORDES...I'LL TELL
YOU ALL ABOUT
IT LATER--
BYE, NOW!



HEY, FELLAS--
I-TAKE IT EASY...
I'M JUST HERE TO
SEE THE LADY
OF THE
HOUSE--

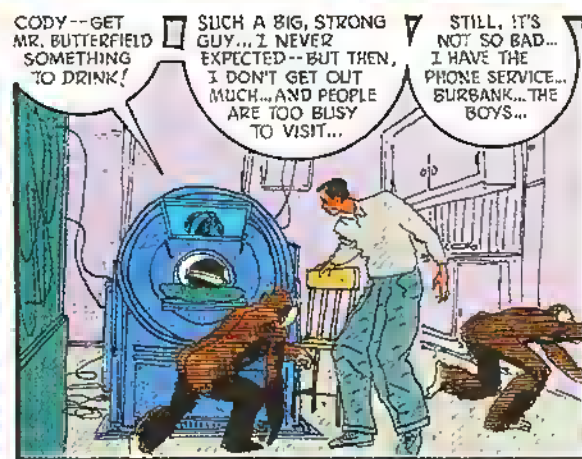
WHO ARE
YOU, MISTER?
I KNOW THE
VOICE...BUT I
CAN'T PLACE
THE FACE, YOU
ONE OF MY
CALLERS?



IT'S ELTON,
MS. LORELEI--
ELTON
BUTTERFIELD...

WHY,
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKES!

RELAX,
BOYS--
ELTON'S A
FRIEND!



CODY--GET
MR. BUTTERFIELD
SOMETHING
TO DRINK!

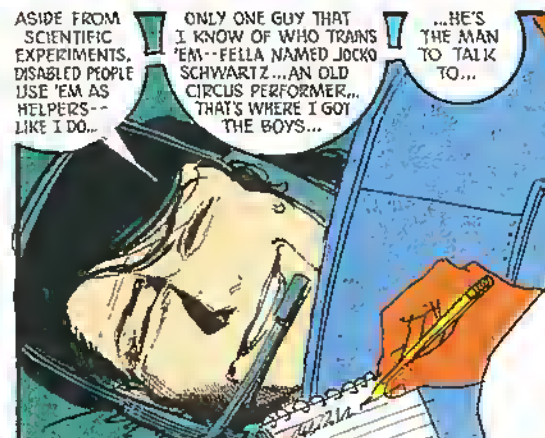
SUCH A BIG, STRONG
GUY...I NEVER
EXPECTED--BUT THEN,
I DON'T GET OUT
MUCH...AND PEOPLE
ARE TOO BUSY
TO VISIT...

STILL, IT'S
NOT SO BAD...
I HAVE THE
PHONE SERVICE...
BURBANK...THE
BOYS...



ACTUALLY, LORELEI,
IT WAS THE BOYS I
CAME TO ASK ABOUT...
WHERE DOES ONE GO
TO GET A PET
MONKEY...?

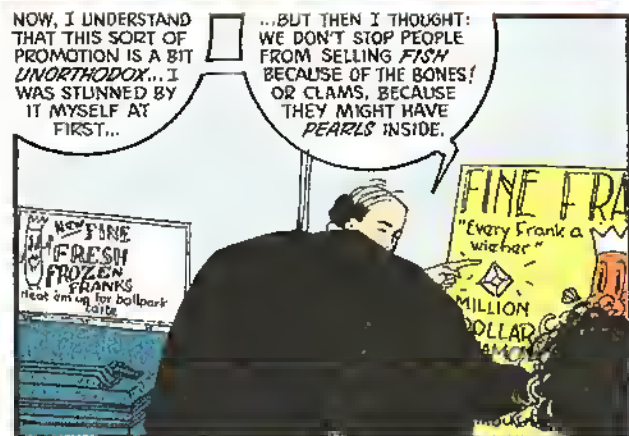
OH, YOU CAN'T
GET THEM IN A
PET SHOP, NO,
SIR--GOVERNMENT
KEEPS A STRICT
WATCH OVER
CHIMP
IMPORTING.

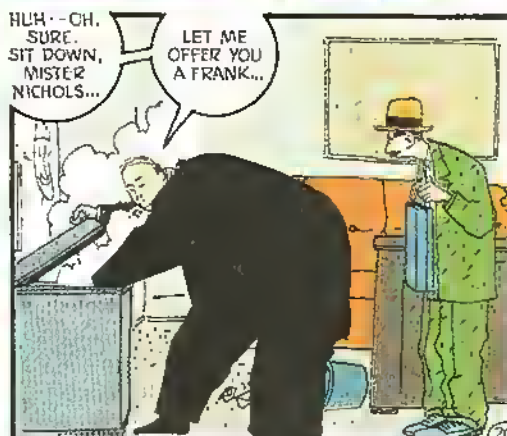
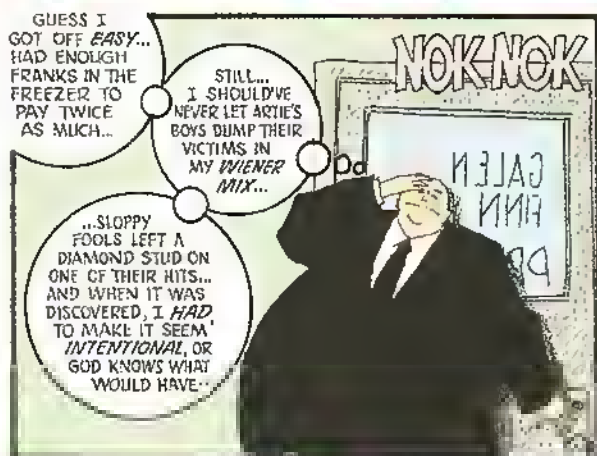
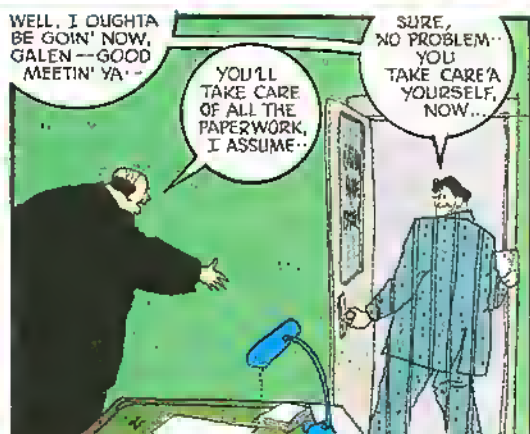
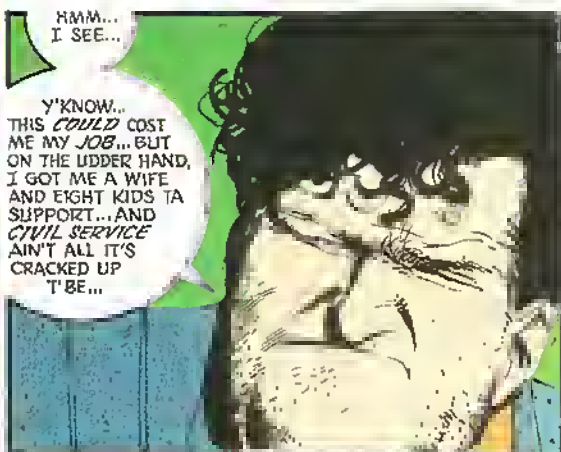


ASIDE FROM
SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENTS,
DISABLED PEOPLE
USE 'EM AS
HELPERS--
LIKE I DO...

ONLY ONE GUY THAT
I KNOW OF WHO TRAINS
'EM--FELLA NAMED JOCKO
SCHWARTZ...AN OLD
CIRCUS PERFORMER...
THAT'S WHERE I GOT
THE BOYS...

...HE'S
THE MAN
TO TALK
TO...





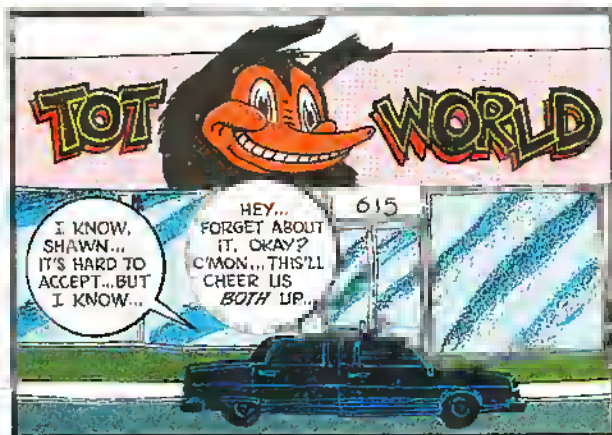
CHRIST, SHAWN...
I DIDN'T BELIEVE
IT POSSIBLE... BUT
MOM'S GOTTEN
WORSE... SHE'S
COMPLETELY
CRAZY...

...I'M TELLING YOU...
IT WON'T BE LONG
BEFORE SHE'S
TOTALLY
OUT OF CONTROL...

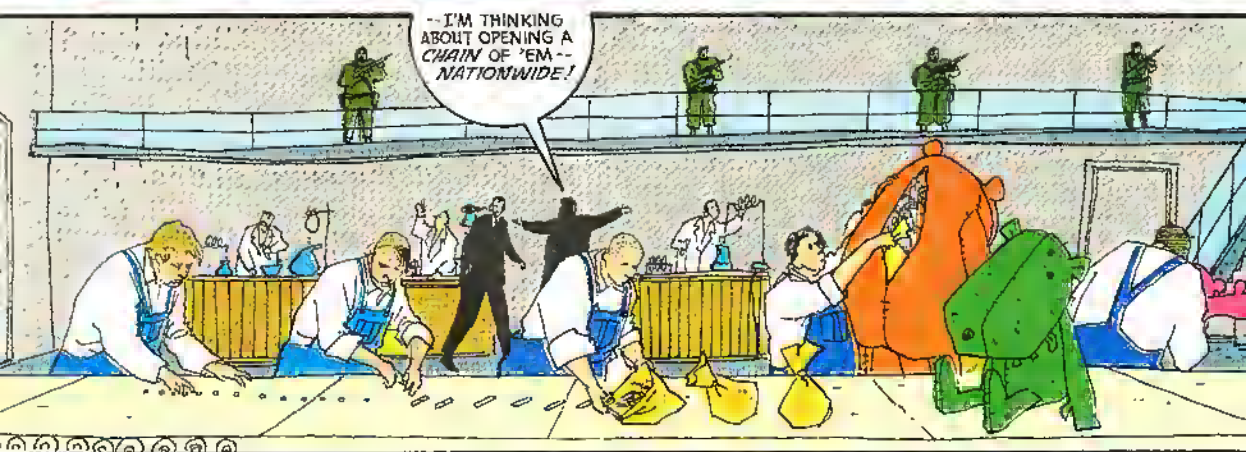
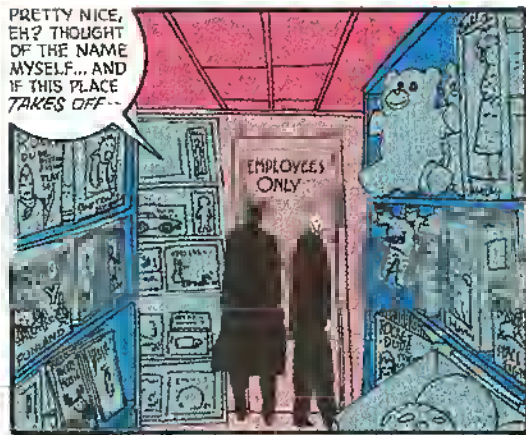
AND THE HELP
DOESN'T MAKE IT
ANY EASIER, EVEN
WITH MY NOSE,
I COULD TELL
HOW IT STINKS
IN THERE.

WE REALLY
OUGHT TO GET
SOME PEOPLE
IN THERE...
CLEAN OUT THE
PLACE--

PAT!
SHE'S OUR
MOTHER,
F'GOD
SAKES...
--OR BURN IT
TO THE
GROUND--



PRETTY NICE,
EH? THOUGHT
OF THE NAME
MYSELF... AND
IF THIS PLACE
TAKES OFF--



--I'M THINKING
ABOUT OPENING A
CHAIN OF 'EM--
NATIONWIDE!

THIS IS IT, PAT--
THE CULMINATION
OF MY CAREER! WE
PROCESS THE STUFF
RIGHT HERE, FROM
START TO FINISH--
JUST FILLED MY QUOTA
OF CHEMISTS TODAY--

--BUT THE REAL BEAUTY
OF THE OPERATION IS
WE SELL THE STUFF
RIGHT OFF THE
SHELVES!

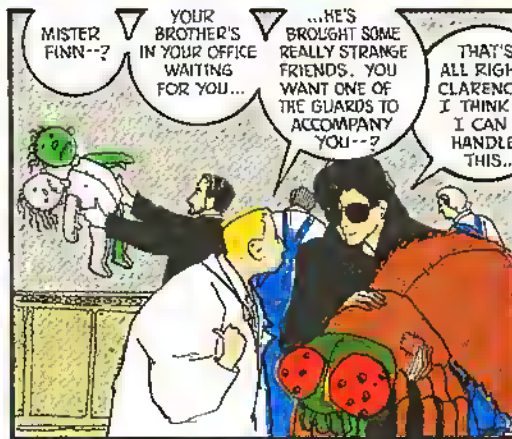
WE PRICE
THESE TOYS SO
HIGH, AND THEY'RE
ALL SO UGLY, THE
ONLY PERSON WHO'D
BUY 'EM WOULD
KNOW WHAT'S
INSIDE IS WHAT
THEY REALLY
WANT...

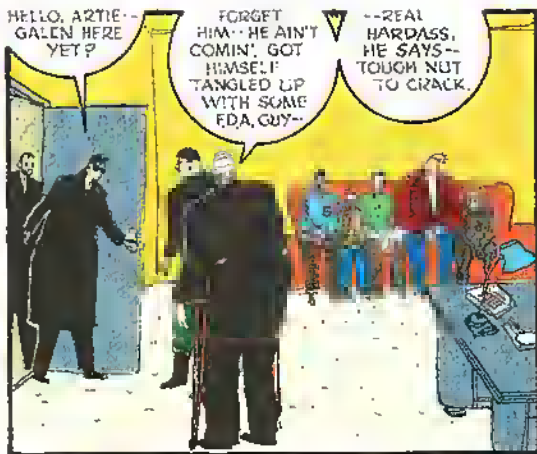
MISTER
FINN--?

YOUR
BROTHER'S
IN YOUR OFFICE
WAITING FOR YOU...

...HE'S
BROUGHT SOME
REALLY STRANGE
FRIENDS. YOU
WANT ONE OF
THE GUARDS TO
ACCOMPANY
YOU--?

THAT'S
ALL RIGHT,
CLARENCE...
I THINK
I CAN
HANDLE
THIS...





HELLO, ARTIE--
GALEN HERE
YET?

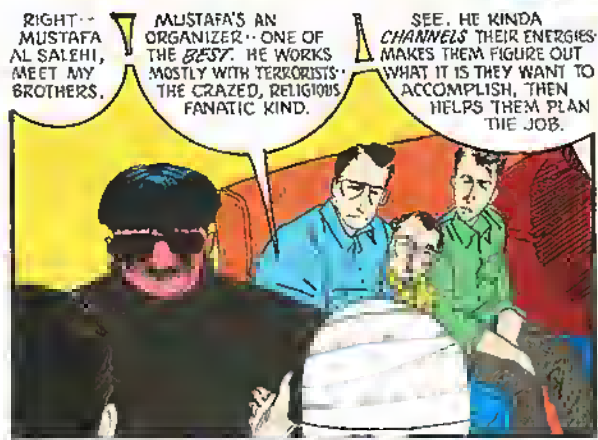
FORGET
HIM-- HE AIN'T
COMIN'. GOT
HIMSELF
TANGLED UP
WITH SOME
EDA, GUY--

--REAL
HARDASS.
HE SAYS--
TOUGH NUT
TO CRACK.

THAT'S TOO
BAD. I GUESS
WE SHOULD
PROCEED
WITHOUT HIM.

RIGHT-- BUT WE
BETTER MAKE IT
QUICK-- GOTTA
WATCH TONIGHT'S
SHOW. SEE HOW
THE MVN. IS
DOIN'...

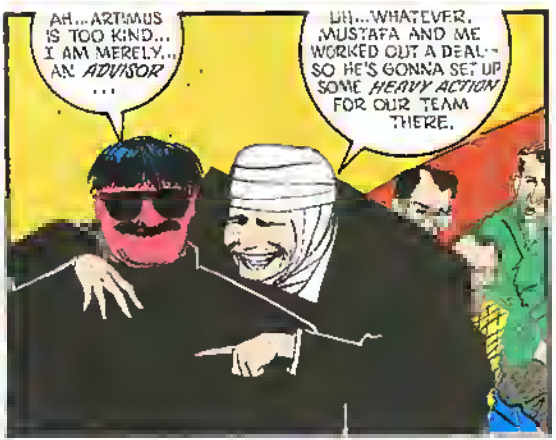
OF COURSE--
NOW... THESE
ARE THE PEOPLE
YOU WANTED US
TO MEET?



RIGHT--
MUSTAFA
AL SALEHI,
MEET MY
BROTHERS.

MUSTAFA'S AN
ORGANIZER-- ONE OF
THE BEST. HE WORKS
MOSTLY WITH TERRORISTS--
THE CRAZED, RELIGIOUS
FANATIC KIND.

SEE. HE KINDA
CHANNELS THEIR ENERGIES--
MAKES THEM FIGURE OUT
WHAT IT IS THEY WANT TO
ACCOMPLISH, THEN
HELPS THEM PLAN
THE JOB.



AH... ARTHAUS
IS TOO KIND...
I AM MERELY...
AN ADVISOR
...

UH... WHATEVER,
MUSTAFA AND ME
WORKED OUT A DEAL--
SO HE'S GONNA SET UP
SOME HEAVY ACTION
FOR OUR TEAM
THERE.



BASICALLY, WE'RE
TELLIN' THEM WE
GONNA HELP 'EM
TRASH THE WHOLE
CITY-- BUT REALLY,
THEY'RE JUST
GONNA NAIL
THE SHADOW.

CAN YOU BE
SURE THEY'LL
STOP AT THAT?
THEY LOOK
RATHER
UNBALANCED
TO ME...

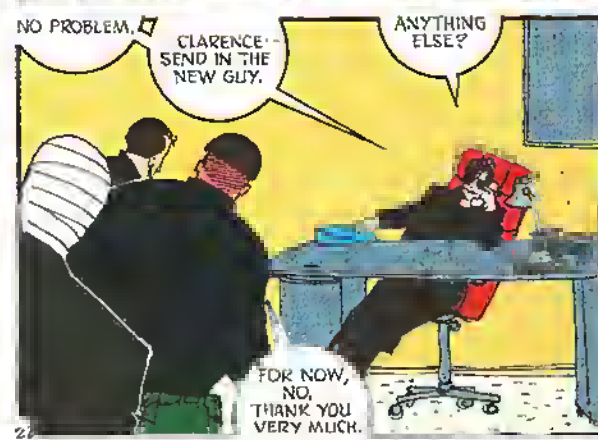
IT IS SAFE.
I GUARANTEE IT.
A MASSIVE
TERROR CAMPAIGN
IS WHAT WE PLAN.
THE ENTIRE CITY
HELD HOSTAGE.
VERY SIMPLE.



WELL, I
SUPPOSE...

HEY... I'M WITH YOU
GUYS. WHATEVER
HAPPENS, IT'S WORTH
IT TO GET THE
SHADOW. HOW
CAN I HELP,
MUSTAFA...

AH... FIRSTLY, ONE OF OUR
MEN-- DOCTOR FLAX--
HE IS A CHEMIST. HE
WOULD NEED USE OF
THE FACILITIES HERE--
AND PERHAPS AN
ASSISTANT.

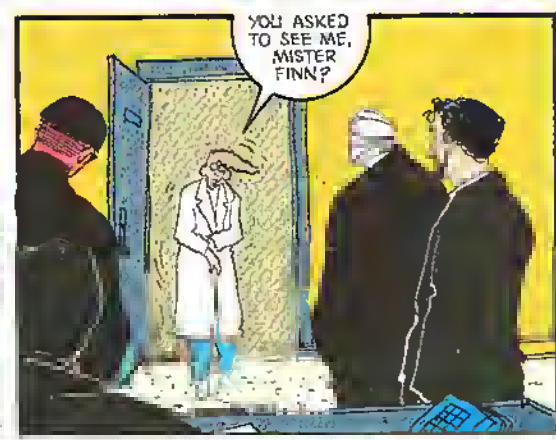


NO PROBLEM.

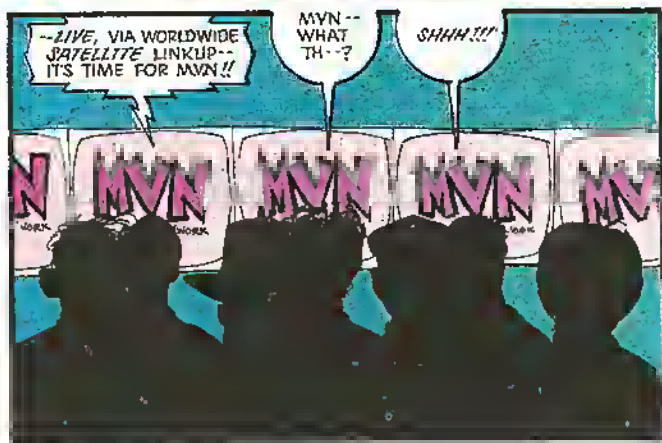
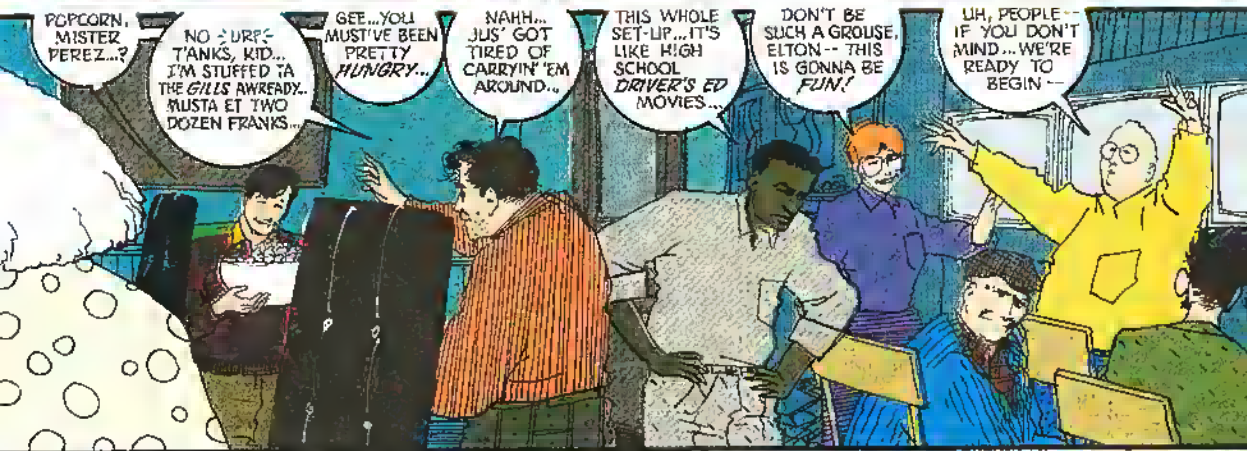
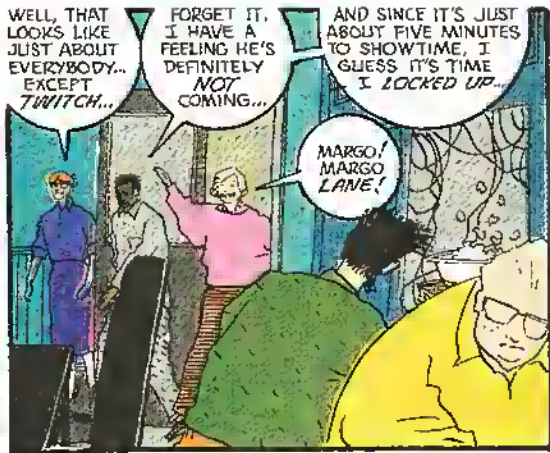
CLARENCE--
SEND IN THE
NEW GUY.

ANYTHING
ELSE?

FOR NOW,
NO,
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.



YOU ASKED
TO SEE ME,
MISTER
FINN?



AROUND THE CORNER OR ACROSS THE GLOBE, MVN STRIVES TO BRING YOU THE BEST IN AMERICAN, EUROPEAN AND SOVIET ARMAMENTS--

--AND, OF COURSE, AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE!



HI, I'M COLONEL DWIGHT RENFREW, YOUR HOST FOR TONIGHT'S EDITION OF THE M.V.N.

WE'VE GOT TONS OF BARGAINS FOR YOU TONIGHT: AMELI MAG 82'S FROM SPAIN! DAEWOO X1 A1'S FROM KOREA! MISSILES! INCENDIARY DEVICES! MINES OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES--

ALL READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY VIA WORLDWIDE OVERNIGHT CARGO SERVICE!

SO LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE VALUABLE TIME AND GET RIGHT TO THE BARGAINS-- CAUSE JUNTAS MAY BE TOPPLING AS WE SPEAK!

OUR FIRST ITEM OF THE EVENING: TWO DOZEN STINGER CLASS ROCKET LAUNCHERS!

THEY'RE JUST THE THING FOR YOU THIRD WORLD TERRORISTS OUT THERE: JUST BLOW THOSE SUCKERS OUT OF THE SKY FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN BACK YARD!

OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY TO TAKE YOUR ORDERS-- AND ORDER YOU WILL, WHEN YOU HEAR OUR SPECIAL M.V.N. PRICE OF ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH, POSTAGE PAID!

THAT'S RIGHT, EVEN THE CIA PAYS MORE THAN--

HEY-- SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT! WHAT--

RAY-- GET A SHOT OF IT--

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

AARRGGH

SCENARIO VALUE NETWORK
JAGGHHH

FASTER, CHANGE. WE HAVE A SHOW TO PRODUCE...

SCENARIO VALUE NETWORK

A MOMENT...

GRENAD

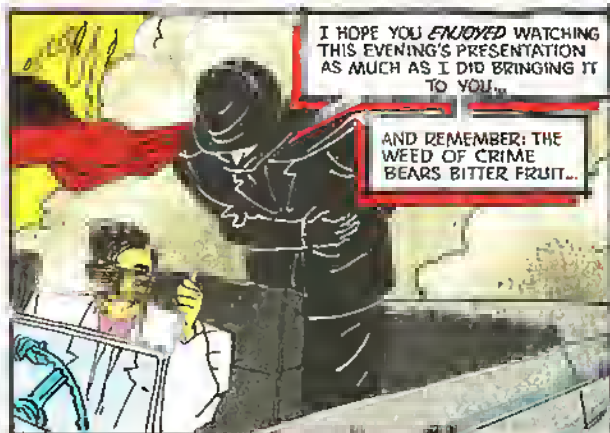
YOU ARE ON THE AIR, FATHER.

UH-OH.

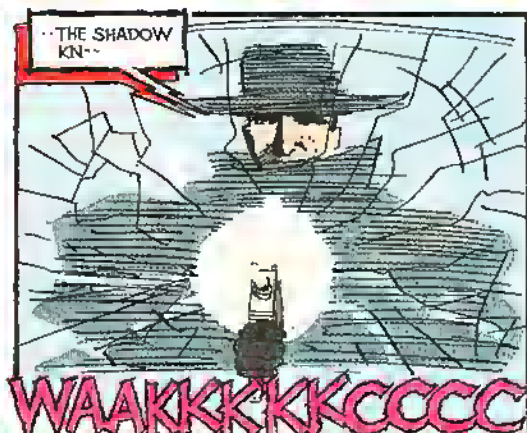


I HOPE YOU ENJOYED WATCHING
THIS EVENING'S PRESENTATION
AS MUCH AS I DID BRINGING IT
TO YOU.

AND REMEMBER: THE
WEED OF CRIME
BEARS BITTER FRUIT...



THE SHADOW
KN--



THAT'S
ALLL
FOLKS!

UH...
AL ASKS ME
TO REMIND YOU
THAT VIDEOTAPES
OF TONIGHT'S SHOW
ARE AVAILABLE
NOW. WE'VE GOT
VHS AND BETA
AND THEY'RE
ONLY \$29.95...



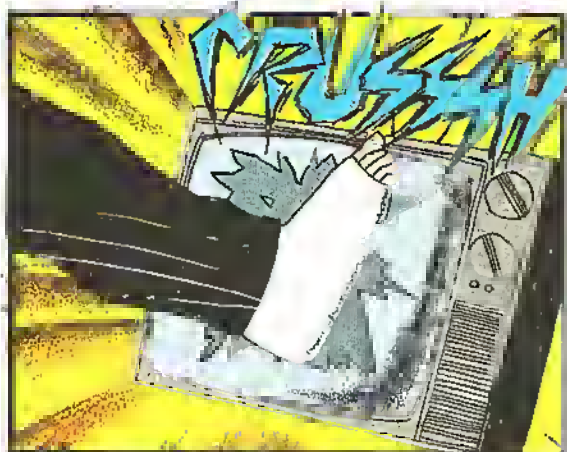
QUITE A
PERFORMANCE...
NEVER FIGURED
THE MASTER TO
BE SUCH A
HAMI...

HAM? JUST
THINK ABOUT IT--
TO US, IT'S ALL
GOOD FUN...BUT TO
MAYN'S REGULAR
VIEWERS, IT'LL BE
LIKE THEY SAW
THE DEVIL
HIMSELF!

PROBABLY SET
INTERNATIONAL
TERRORISM BACK
TEN YEARS!

YEAH... I
ONLY WONDER
WHAT ARTIMUS
FINN THINKS
ABOUT ALL
THIS...





NEXT: DARK SHADOWS



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Dear Mr. Carlin:

The SHADOW #7 was truly an inviting tale of the conflicting worlds of childhood and adulthood. Young Harold perceived the world in his own warped vision, much like many would-be assassins do. It seems that Harold may have been wiser than his years, or perhaps real-life assassins are more immature than the public realizes. In either case, perceiving the world in fantasy terms enables logic to disappear, and the loss of responsibility for one's actions is the end result. Is it madness or insanity? Or merely a dirty filter that needs cleaning?

Nevertheless, Harold's story should not be considered an isolated one. With increasing technological progress, we are isolating ourselves more and more. Television and computers rival long-term babysitters. It is surprising more children do not end up like Harold, subconsciously screaming for attention. His solitude and self-denial forced him to create his own fantasy world to live in (his real one being much too desolate and depressing) where death is as simple as changing a television channel. The miniature town that Harold found himself in at the end of the issue mirrored the facade he tried to live behind.

I believe that Mr. Heffer was subliminally painting a portrait of a (stereotypical) comic book reader, living in a world of super-heroes and violence, preferring the fantasy while ignoring the unexplored splendor that exists in our (real) world. Well done! I also enjoyed the devilishly dark humor that was spread throughout. This is the only book that I consistently giggle out loud with.

Mark Lucas
10558 Eastborne Ave. #4
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Is this letter a case of it taking one to know one, Mark? Hope not... and we didn't see any comic books up in Harold's room—or anywhere in the whole story for that matter... interesting theory, though.

Dear Andy and Co:

I love the cover to SHADOW #7... and the story was absolutely fascinating!

Told mostly from darling Harold's point of view, it is a truly frightening look at the thoughts and actions of one truly mixed-up kid and his equally befuddled mother.

From another perspective, this tale was absolutely hilarious, beginning with the fourth panel on page 1.

Once you accept that this kid is an evil little monster—and mentally unstable, to boot—and that the Shadow's operatives end up playing nursemaid to a pack of noisy brats, the laughs are non-stop. And the finale, both with regards to Harold and the trip home, was great.

Kiril Kundurazieff
2439 Merrywood Street
Pomona, CA 91767

P.S. Based on a scale of five Skunks (unredeemable) to five Stars (awesome)—the Comicholic says give SHADOW #7: ★★★★★

Thanks, Kiril, it stinks to be skunked.

Dear Mike, Andy and everyone else involved:

I wasn't expecting to like "Harold Goes to Washington" based on the next issue blurb in SHADOW #6—I should have known better! Marshall Rogers's cover was one of the best examples of black and white comic art that I've seen in a long time, and the art inside was more than good enough to make me eager to see Kyle Baker's solowork. The story itself was much less silly than I had expected. There certainly was humor, but that grew as much out of the characters as from the situation. Harold's motivation and character were well-drawn, the plotting tight. The nasty ending unfortunate but appropriate in a grisly way, and the Shadow's operatives were fun to watch in this unusual context. So... yeah, it was good.

Another book that might appeal to Shadow fans is The Shadow Scrapbook, by Walter Gibson with Anthony Tollin, an HBJ trade paperback from 1979. I would definitely recommend that reader's of DC's SHADOW find and read some of the original Shadow tales. They're a lot of fun.

As for the upcoming "Seven Deadly Finns" storyline, I won't even try to guess what that will turn out to be like. But I would like to know how these guys are related to the Eno song.

Steve Roby
33 Via Venus
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada K1K 0N3

The Finns are not directly connected with the Eno song of the same title. Steve, though Andy Heffer has confessed to finding the song title alone inspirational to this project.

Thanks also for doing our work for us as far as further Shadow reading is concerned... and we would've felt a tad

funny about promoting Tony Tolin's side-career as an active Shadowphile—since he is a contracted DC colorist whose work can be seen in several fine DC comics, such as ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, SPECTRE, BATMAN and TEEN TITANS. Thanks again for the help, from us and Tony. The book is good reading.

Dear Andy and Mike:

I've just finished reading SHADOW #7 for about the fifth time, and I must say it was a very good story. Kind of sick, but then that's the way I like 'em. Violent kids, Secret Service men, Twitchk-witch (one of the most original characters in comics today), and the Shadow just kicking back and relaxing for an issue.

But then I turned to the letter column. Oooo, it makes me so mad! Oooo! Arrrrgh! Grlbkm!

A letter from Jeff Brown saying "Consider the Shadow crossing over into other books in the DC Universe." I noticed that there was no comment on that from Mike, but...

Aaaaaaah! Gentlemen, isn't this what DC has been trying to eliminate from the direct sales line? The old "guest appearance by Superman" by the fifth issue of every title? I think it is. I mean, the Shadow does not belong in the DC universe. If anything, the heroes would try to bring him down as fast as possible.

Anyway, now that that's over with... I think you've found a good Shadow look with Kyle Baker. I've noticed that he establishes a look and almost seems to challenge future artists to top it. It's a good system, because that way we get the best from every artist that works on a book.

But "The Seven Deadly Finns"? Somehow that title doesn't appeal to me. I'll find out what the story's about before I pass judgment, though.

Please forgive me if this letter is not very well thought out... but have a nice day anyway.

Neil Dorsett
3865 Brunswick Dr.
Memphis, TN 38134

The reason you didn't read Mike's comment on the crossover controversy is because this is what he had to say at the time. "Grbfxm!"

Dear Helfer, Rogers and Baker:

As is true of many avid readers of comics, this is the first letter that I have ever written to a title. I read the mini-series and almost jumped for joy when I read that a monthly series was on the way. I have loved and thrilled over the style that Messrs. Helfer, Sienkiewicz and Carlin have brought to "Shadows and Light" in the first six issues. I have just finished reading issue #7 of the SHADOW.

What a horror story. Because, to me, that's what this one was. If this is the shape of things to come—what a future this book has. First, the cover was not only eye-catching, but it was a superb piece of art. This is one cover that I would like to have—without the logo and all—to put on the wall. I think it's great. Second, the story—I think you guys may get a few negative letters about it, but not from me. This is the story of a childhood gone haywire. Harold has a definite father fixation. Father isn't there to dispel it—and mother doesn't really understand it—so, Harold is basically left alone. And he tries the only way he really knows how to be just like his father—at least as far as he knew his father.

How true the basic pretense of this story is—kids do strange things out of loneliness and alienation. Even trying to be "heroic" by killing the President? Who knows?

At any rate, I loved it. This is one of those things that will stick with me for a very long time to come.

By the way, I love the Shadow's style—and his team. They are all winners and I hope they're around for a very long time as well.

Michael Roden
552 Rube Robinson
Huntsville, AL 35811

Sorry to tell you, Michael, but in two issues one or two of the characters you're hoping will be around for a while might not.

Worse yet, Andy Helfer already bought the cover for SHADOW #7 from Marshall Rogers—and it's on his wall. This just isn't your day, is it?

To all involved:

SHADOW #7, in which "Harold Goes to Washington," was one of the finest stories that I have ever read. This is most definitely a classic of modern fiction. It had all the required aspects of a landmark comic story. The cinematic quality made me feel that I was in a movie theater as I read it (actually, I did read the end in the school auditorium as drama rehearsal was proceeding). I really like Mr. Sienkiewicz's art style, but Marshall Rogers's was much more fitting to this particular story. From what I saw of the inking, I'm looking forward to Kyle Baker's work.

Andy's scripting was a chilling reminder of the misconceptions of childhood. Perhaps eeriest of all was the scene on the bus as it was heading back from Washington. The children were not in the least bit shaken by the events of earlier that day, but were concerned

about getting to eat at McDonald's.

There are a couple of points I'm confused about, though. Is Harold eight years old or 12? In DC Releases it says that he's eight, but on page 27 Elton says that his classmates are 12. I don't know what a recoil is like from a Luger, but I'll Harold seemed to be poppin' off those shots with ease.

Something that I will remember is the way that the American dream was symbolized by blowing a bubble that is bound to pop (page 2D).

Me

631 Stella Dr.
Decatur, IL 62526

P.S. To top it all off—you printed my letter!

Who says history never repeats itself, Me? Two letters in five issues... not bad. About your confusion: Everyone knows that comic book time works different than real time, and when we submitted the copy for DC Releases (a promotional newsletter about upcoming DC projects, for those of you who don't know what we're talking about), Harold was eight years old—but by the time issue #7 hit the stands he was 12 years—no, huh? Oh well, we tried. How about this: Everyone knows that comic book recoil works different than real recoil—ah, forget it...

Next letter!

Dear Editor:

It concerns me that a few people have recently requested Shadow crossovers. I was pleased with your answer in SHADOW #4 to Charles Ardinger. Are you really planning on bringing Vic Savage into the realm of the Shadow? Or were you referring to Doc? I feel strongly that the E-P (Earth-Pulp) is a much better perspective to approach this issue from than having a bunch of flying heroes in satin tights interacting with the Master! I would much prefer avoiding any unrealistic "heroes."

The idea of a psychotic vigilante is cool. Maybe you guys have room for a new character—the Shadow's own personal shrink! The fact that Cranston has his own brand of justice is portrayed a bit too lightly for my tastes. My final word, though, is that the comic is fine, and the whole team is doing fine. So far we've been through four artists (five next month) on this series, the annual and the mini-series from two years back, and I have no objections ... Helfer keeps pulling us all through with his fantastic writing.

Again, let me cast my vote: Adding "super" heroes would make this book extremely unrealistic.

Joel Atkin
5 Huckleberry Lane
Thornhill, Ontario
L3T 1C6
Canada (EHI)

Dear DC:

Thanks. You guys are the very best in comics. No joke. Thanks for all the stories, the characters, the good times, the bad times, and everything. But most of all, thanks for the SHADOW.

No comic book character in history has ever had this magnetism for me. There's just something about him that draws me in and keeps me there. His name alone strikes a chord in my mind. I've always seen him as a creature of the night, even better than the Batman or the Vigilante.

I picked up a copy of SHADOW #7 the other day—the story had its usual high-grade quality—the artwork, however, was disappointing. Don't get me wrong—the art was fine, very fine—but it simply didn't portray one or two of the characters well enough, as far as I'm concerned. For instance, the Shadow's scarf was missing—he looked straight and neat. And his face was too human. As you should know, there is nothing human about him. He is a demon of the night.

Twitckowitz was another problem. His character was too lighthearted overall ... his clothes are supposed to be bigger, so he almost gets lost in them.

And I did have one major problem with the writing—it wasn't about the Shadow. I know that he was featured prominently in all the issues up until now, but that doesn't mean it's time for a break, folks. He only appeared in three scenes in #7. This whole story was about Harold, not the hero.

By the way, I want a Shadow/Batman crossover. Perhaps in a graphic novel or prestige format. In the meantime, congrats on receiving the first fan letter I've ever written. You must be doing something right.

Jay Wickham
5510 Country Drive No. 5
Nashville, TN 37211

Okay, that's one vote for and one against so far on these letters pages. Keep those cards and letters comin'!

Dear DC:

Marshall Rogers did very well on the SHADOW #7. Following an act like Bill Sienkiewicz's is a daring and brave thing to do. Quite a drastic change, stylistically.

Kyle Baker did a fine job inking and I look forward to #8 to see just what he can do on his own.

Your story about Harold was frighteningly believable; the way media glorifies killers, I can imagine it's possible for a child to get confused about right and wrong. Especially being raised by an unstable, overprotective and glib woman like Bertha. Scary.

It's going to be strange putting my children on the school bus in a half hour. That's for sure.

Charlie Harris
Tucson, AZ

Our own Rupert Tame couldn't have summed SHADOW #7 up any more succinctly, Charlie ... thanks for keeping us posted on what you're thinking.

NEXT ISSUE: The penultimate chapter in the "Seven Deadly Finns" introduces us all to Ma Finn herself. Be here with Andy and Kyle or Ma'll be mad.